19 August 1977 25p USA & Canada $1 By Air

NEW STATESMAN

Ambassador College
SEP 26 1977
LIBRARY

Robin Cook
When the Nuclear Arrow Breaks
Patrick Wintour reports from Lewisham
Robert Silver: Pay and the Police
Clive James on Gore Vidal's Essays
John Sutherland on Raymond Williams and Marxism
Russell Davies recalls Elvis Presley

Rights and Racists

The National Front is a legal political party. In a democracy, it must have the right to contest elections, canvass for support, hold public meetings and sell or distribute its publications; to take away these rights would be to impair democracy itself. At the same time there is no sense in pretending that the NF is a political party on a par with any other. Its creed, and the nature of its propaganda, render it justifiably odious to all who cherish the democratic system. It could never be right, for instance, for any government to make a deal with the NF, even in the appalling event of its replacing the Liberals as the third party in Parliament. In particular, though the NF has cobbled together some sort of social and political programme, we all know that it relies for the thrust of its appeal – and, alas, its support – on the most scurrilous and repulsive brand of racism. To combat this racism is the plain duty of democrats and the special responsibility of socialists, who are committed to an ethic of equality and cooperation. The NF has rights; but black and brown people who make their homes in Britain have rights too, including the right to be defended when they are insulted or threatened.

It follows, in the times through which we are living, that decisions have to be made which steer a course between two simplistic contraries: the idea that the NF should be allowed to do whatever it likes and the idea that it should be deprived of all legality. The shocking events of the past week illustrate the difficulties but also chart a course for the future. If the NF were able to march unhindered through racially mixed neighbourhoods, it would not be long before blacks and Asians going about their lawful occasions – or even keeping within their homes and shops – were abused, menaced and quite possibly attacked. The Home Secretary ought to have listened to the Lewisham councillors, who know their district, rather than to a Commissioner of Police fresh from Scotland who does not. The march of 13 August should have been banned, and similarly provocative NF marches should be banned in future – without, by the way, the hypocrisy of banning all marches by left-wing or right-wing groups. When a Labour government failed to check the NF's patently evil enterprise, it played into the hands of the most combative and reckless deviants in the Socialist Workers' Party.

Monday's clash in Birmingham is in a different category. There, the NF did not propose to march but only to hold an indoor meeting as part of its by-election campaign. It was right to allow this meeting to proceed, since no one was under direct threat. Indeed, the attendance of 100 or so (including NF members from other parts of the country) shows that it was an occasion for preaching to the converted – an occasion the SWP could, and should, have left to political hecklers.

Now we should look behind the clashes and see what they tell us about the places where they occurred. A cynic might remark that they served a purpose in bringing reporters to the London borough of Lewisham and the Ladywood constituency of Birmingham. Neither is an ancestral slum. Lewisham, not so long ago, was a suburb favoured by City clerks and indeed their employers, while Ladywood – touching the centre of Birmingham – was a thriving district packed with small workshops and the homes of skilled artisans. Both have been victims of an inexorable process of social decay. Houses by the thousand have slid into disrepair, to be considered fit only for immigrants, or for the white people who were too poor to get out and who are now taught by the NF to blame their plight on 'the coloureds'. In the past decade, sustained unemployment has been at its most severe and hopeless in just such districts and has been worst of all for the young. Cuts in welfare services have aggravated every kind of social distress. Inflation has taken the cruel form of imposing intolerable heating bills. Aid from the national purse for inner-city areas has been tardy and is still derisory. For all this, successive governments – Labour for nine of the last 13 years – must take responsibility. If the neglect continues, no one should affect surprise either at the alienation of blacks and Asians or at the growth of the National Front.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Spotlight on Politics

Fred Inglis

Sex and Socialism

It is a truth, none the worse for being a truism, that socialism strains to hold together the contradictory pulls of quality and equality. The 'quality of life' is a mouthfilling phrase, but at its very heart it concerns not the price of men and women, but their value; men should be weighed, and not counted. It is a dreadful thing that the phrase 'standards of living' refers *only* to the loot. The quality of a country's socialism is to be seen and felt in the whole web of human relations, especially where these define the nature of trust and loyalty and love. A politics which cannot speak these words is worthless. It is only natural that sex be a focus for thinking about them.

Tom Driberg's *Ruling Passions* is an ignoble book, squalid and tasteless not so much because of the homosexual encounters he describes with such tedious relish, but because of the relentless narcissism of the descriptions. And this is important because narcissism is a tendency rooted deep in our moral vocabulary, and utterly hostile to socialism. Driberg writes 'whether functioning as an acolyte in the sanctuary or practising fellatio in . . . a station w.c., I was doing what I most wanted to do at that moment, and doing it with complete sincerity'. The nasty old mistake is to suppose that sincerity is the key justification of action, irrespective of the content and consequence of that action. Beyond that, the symptomatic nature of the whole book – which is why I mention it – lies in its defiant intimacy, its I'll-publish-and-be-damned. The public declaration of outrageous intimacy is taken to be the mark of courage and integrity, the very last word in the bourgeois, vindication of self.

It all began . . . well, you might take the early Fabians, or the Bloomsbury set, or *Lady Chatterley* as the beginning. But sex was really politicised by the whiteheaded sorcerer of Californian campuses, Herbert Marcuse. He lit a torch which really flared up when the Vietnam war resistance and the May Events got going in 1968. Once upon a bad time, his story went out to easy rider and easy lay, sex was locked up in the monogamous bedroom. By fierce repression, its joyful and liberating power was stripped down to the reproduction of the labour force. This repression compressed itself with greater and greater intensity in the chambers of consciousness until a huge surplus head of steam held down sexuality in the unspoken name of the social order and the nameless dominance of the ruling class. Take the valve off libido and the sexual revolution is synonymous with the political one. You have nothing to lose but your pants. Marcuse's garish antinomianism was packed into the neat, false conversions of the Paris graffiti: 'When I make love, I make the revolution.'

Terrible old rubbish, at bottom. But a nice fancy line to put a radical cosmetic over old-style Bluebearding. Of course, the thesis comfortably fits the spray-on bluejean FU's and ritual spontaneity of the unbuttoned cheescloth shirt, both in the ads and in Oxford Street. The loose luxuriant masses of tumbling curls bring the fragrance of the bedroom into the supermarket. They hold out the unspoken promise of guiltless sex and immediate intimacy. Glamour is the institutionalisation of envy. The glamour-pussies (as they used to say) of *Charlie's Angels* and the shampoo ads are, in every sense, models of women in our times. They and their like teach us, men and women alike, that only intimacy is authentic, and that the true declaration of self is made through sex. In some grisly exaggeration of the market exchange, we swop confessions and intimacies in order to show that we are 'open', equal, free, individual, independent. A whole list of great political battle-cries is invoked to justify the merest and most narcissistic self-gratification. The last station of that line is the naked girl sitting up brightly in bed in a *New Yorker* cartoon, and saying to her partner: 'Now that's over, let's find out all about each other.'

The desperate part of all this is that it is often those professing themselves socialists who justify this collapse in terms of freedom, authenticity, self-realisation, and the rest of a once noble rollcall now hired out by the rich and bored to get someone else into bed. The free spirits of the Bovis Home estates and of Letchworth Garden Suburb who prate on in this way would do well to live in a country where loss of freedom means policemen at the door in the night, the dressing-gowned prisoner whirled abritrarily away for ten years, and then for another five. Gulag's a fine and private place,/ And none I think do there embrace.

What all this means for politics is that absorption in the private self takes away the conventions for acknowledging strangers, and weakens the strength to act in concert with strangers. Paradoxically, intimacy makes public life impossible. You can see this in the way we talk about politics in public.

Television and the *Sun* only give us a rather magnified version of our own, popular images. They blow up and distort our already over-personal picture of politics. So power consorts with celebrity and the substance of political debate becomes personality ('Sunny Jim, the genial farmer'); it becomes wondering aloud who can be trusted ('Not Healey, the old bully, look at his eyebrows'), who is sincere ('Shirley, of course, mustn't she have been pretty before she got to look so tired?'), who is rabid ('Tony, he's got mad eyes'). When these things are so, the political values we need to turn to – the values of fraternity and community – have little chance. Social climbing is a universal sport. We have set the summit steadily receding beyond the next shoulder, and the next, and the next . . . Yearning to make ourselves more real, and reality being the attainment of glamour, we put to demeaning work such precious notions as solidarity, resistance, brotherhood. Behind the vote of the TGWU moves the lissom outline of some unforgettable Farrah Fawcett-Majors, smiling, and glimmering, and going dark.

It is a very general and powerful frame of mind, and it can be found at work in the oddest places. At first sight, the strident harridans of Women's Lib (it'll be no use pointing out that I don't mean *all* its members, but, for the record, I'm saying so) seem to have set their iron masks against the view of woman as comestible. But once you get behind the butch haircuts and the guerrilla greens (remember, garbage is glamour), you find the old clichés wheeled out again: individual freedom, sex and the self, love is physical, float free, I'm easy. In the revolting notion that any woman should be able to have a foetus out like her tonsils, we find again Hot Pants, the individual consumer, the commodity view of life in which nothing is sacred. Loyalty, duty, responsibility for your action, are all put down below personal integrity, which is to say not having to bother with any kind of babies' nappies while on holiday in the Algarve.

It's all a monstrous inversion. Privates are public, and the public weal is locked in the stainless steel shrines of the Bank of England. This savage displacement means that socialists do not know how to act together not only for a class but, more importantly, for their children and their future. The only way we shall keep the great decencies of this country going is by making it a land fit for British socialists to live in. That, in turn, means reversing the displacement: it means returning the idea of the sacred to what is personal and private, and making public and profane the facts of the life of power, privilege and wealth. Political commentary should not so much go in for sniffing the cultural air. It should tell the truth and expose lies Tattle about Lady Antonia Fraser is a mite more trivial than the allegations of Eddie Milne.

NEW STATESMAN

Vol 94 No 2422

Published weekly at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ Tel: 01-405 8471
© 1977
The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd

Annual Subscription Rates

By surface mail	UK £12.50 Overseas £14 USA $30
By air mail	Europe £17.50 Middle East £19 Africa, India £20 USA, Canada $40 Australia, NZ, Far East £21

For details of student rates write to The Subscriptions Supervisor at the above address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Patrick Wintour

The Background to Lewisham

Each time they meet, the violence seems to get a little more organised, a little more frightening. But there are, in fact, simple reasons why the violence at Lewisham was worse than at Wood Green, where the Front last marched. The streets were narrower; there were derelict houses in which to take up positions and find heavy missiles. The police, having initially to claim ground from the Left rather than merely prevent them from seizing new territory, made a foolish and ultimately pointless early sortie into the crowd.

But, more importantly, although at Wood Green the SWP assembled slightly apart from the main crowd, they did not, as they did in Lewisham, publicly call for a specific separate demonstration. If the police had permitted Saturday morning's peaceful march to continue to its intended destination many more marchers than just Christian Aid and the Communist Party might not have swung behind the SWP camp. As it was, when the morning march came to its staged halt in front of Commander Randall and disbanded, the body of the march simply ghosted away along the side streets on their way to the top of Clifton Rise.

However, it was not just strategical technicalities that made it impossible for a quarter of the Metropolitan Police Force to keep the peace in Lewisham High Street. Virtually every local leader had warned both police and the Home Office that there was no way of predicting the scale of violence the police would confront. The mayor, the Labour council, the three local MPs, church leaders, 1,500 Christian petitioners, the Lewisham Community Relations Council, the Trades Council, all the political parties under Alcaraf's umbrella including the SWP, the impressive *South East London Mercury* – all pleaded with the Metropolitan Police. Letters were written to Merlyn Rees, an hour was spent with Assistant Police Commissioner Wilford Gibson, a telegram was sent to Callaghan who had launched his political career in Lewisham (to which no reply was received) and finally four hours were spent appealing to the High Court.

For, unlike most of the country's police, the Metropolitan Police are answerable only to the Home Secretary; the community's representatives, the council, have no democratic right to be consulted. Indeed, the Lewisham council have now called for a public inquiry into not just the way the police were deployed, but also the terms of reference of the Public Order Act and the manner in which it is implemented. The deputy leader of the council, Ron Pepper, described to me how he among others 'had explained to the Home Office that there were problems in Lewisham which the council had been trying to grapple with for years. 'But we can't keep the lid on for ever, it's going to blow. The Front's march will trigger off a reaction and the police will be on the receiving end.'

In parts of New Cross and Deptford the immigrant concentration is as high as 25 per cent while unemployment runs at around 13 per cent, and among youngsters, a large amount of whom are black, at 30-40 per cent. The council have attempted to make specific youth provisions, such as the Moonshot Club which Prince Charles visited, the Bell Green overnight hostel for kids thrown out by parents, as well as modified letting provisions to avoid an overload of youngsters in one area. But Pepper, who runs a local comprehensive, describes all these as palliatives. Fear of young street criminals is the source of much racist support in South London. In the eyes of the Front the beauty of the slogan 'clear the streets of muggers' is that it has effectively united the issues of race and law and order.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The National Front and the populist National Party together exceeded the Labour vote in the Deptford by-election last year, and in May's GLC elections the 15 per cent racist vote lost Labour East Lewisham. The Front have thus erratically posed as champions of the police and a terrorised white community, while the far Left, along with many black people, look on the increasingly frequent police use of SUS and conspiracy charges as weapons of a racist state. Lewisham police station, or Ladywell as it is known locally, attacked in Saturday's finale and from which many of the police came, has a reputation among blacks as 'the fortress of racism'. After an escalation of incidents, three reports – one by the Greenwich and Lewisham social workers detailing police brutality, a regional NCCL submission to the Select Committee on Race Relations criticising Ladywell and the local CRC's report – the full Lewisham council in 1972 passed a motion of no confidence in the police and called for a full public inquiry to examine the breakdown of relations between police and the immigrants. A night of the long batons ensued. Many of the police leaders were shaken out and Commander Randall, retiring at the end of this month, took over.

Last year the number of complaints involving P Division had fallen to 'only 250'. Under the 'Lewisham Scheme' a community relations committee developed permanent contact with the police. A liaison officer can visit any arrested person at the station to give advice and effectively act as a watchdog. According to the convenor of the police/immigrant working party, Bob Ovodue, progress was made even among younger blacks who tend to see CRCs as a cultural sell-out by bureaucratic Uncle Toms. But on 12 May Ovodue wrote a draft for his CRC's annual report that read:

> Over the last six months there has been a growing concern by members of ethnic minority groups over increasing allegations of police irregularities, racial insults, physical violence, wrongful arrests and false charges all over London.

It was partly a reference to the case of the Islington 18. He may also have had in mind Randall's decision to release figures on the colour of detainees, which could only have fuelled the fear that the police expected troubles from blacks. However by 31 May Ovodue had a Lewisham 21 (at last count it was the Lewisham 28 and rising, and from last week there was also a Sidcup 10). On 30 May, 60 young blacks, many juveniles, were picked up in an operation known by blacks as 'operation 39/PNH'. PNH stands for 'police nigger hunt'. The dawn swoop was at best crude. As Merlin Dythe wondered when they came with a warrant for her son Derek 'Why 12 police for one child? Why come at 6.30 a.m.?'. Mrs Phoenix, director of Deptford's Pagnall Street Centre, asked the CRC to condemn the police raid – 'the relationships we were building up, or thought we were building up over the years, have been destroyed in this one action'. But the CRC adjourned any decision for fear of prejudicing the court hearing. The police revealed that they had been using sophisticated surveillance equipment on the black kids and were charging them with 'conspiring with each other and persons unknown to rob persons unknown'. Such an offence, on conviction, can carry a sentence of up to two years. No specific robbery or SUS charges were brought.

The SWP were quickly involved in the Lewisham 21 defence committee. From the first court appearance on 1 June, when only 13 were granted bail amid uproar and adjournment, it was clearly not an ordinary case. On 4 June three members of the defence committee, after attacks by National Front members, were arrested. On 17 June the Front again attacked SWP leafleters and one woman was taken to hospital after being kicked to the ground. Finally, on 2 July, the SWP rallied at Clifton Rise where much of last Saturday's violence occurred to march in defence of the 21. In a mirror-image miniature preview of last Saturday's trouble, 100 Front members attacked 300 defence committee supporters with bottles, flour bombs and vegetables. The Front threw a bag of caustic soda over one woman. Thirty-five members of the Front and 17 socialists were arrested. Although the police equitably protected the defence committee's rights to march, relations between the police and them had soured still further. Randall commented: 'What other police force in the world would spend the first hours protecting this lot and the next two marching with them while they shout abuse at us?'

The final incendiary addition to the ammunition dump, which every local except the police foresaw exploding on Saturday, were accusations that one of the juvenile members of the 21 was beaten up by the police on leaving Camberwell Crown Court on 6 July for the cells below. The defence committee claim he impetuously went to the aid of another accused who was being pushed around, and in return was severely beaten, dragged down the stairs by his feet and was protected only by the intervention of prison officers. His own doctor was not allowed to see him, while Christopher Price pointed out in the Commons that the boy was held 'for over 24 hours before his arrest'. His repeated requests to tell his mother and father were refused. Clearly by late Saturday afternoon when the demonstrators' attention was undividedly on the police, a lot of old scores were being settled.

After Rees's decision not to ban the march, the rights or wrongs of the Lewisham 21 as criminals or political victims hardly counted. What mattered was the Front's determination to exploit the controversy. Webster said to a *Mercury* reporter 'our aim is to destroy race relations in Deptford' and so, as in Hackney and Haringey, the Front deliberately chose Lewisham to create maximum provocation. They use the democratic process to set up situations to destroy the democratic process. In the short term the effect of Saturday on the few NF that turned up may be demoralising; in the long term they may well be laughing up their sleeves all the way to the ballot box.

Robert Silver

Pay and the Police

It might seem perverse to argue that the one beneficiary of the ugliness in Lewisham on Saturday was the police force but judging by the reactions of the national press, it may yet be so. Having coming unstuck with their photo of a toppled innnocent bystander who later emerged as a member of the National Front ready for violence, the press turned their sympathies to the safer territory of the 55 police victims. Beside horrific pictures of blood-spattered policemen and tales of bravery the *Daily Mirror* commented 'And all that for £45 a week' while the *Mail* came to the defence on the front page with 'We have to pay these brave men what they are worth . . . for too long we have turned a deaf ear to their complaints over pay and manning'. And of course this is exactly the impact the Police Federation initially hoped to achieve by the intimidatory silence with which they received Meryln Rees's speech to their May conference .

The pay dispute lingers on. It was shelved rather than solved when Rees imposed the May settlement. It ostensibly involves a technical wrangle: the difference between an average of £3 offered by the Government under Phase Two and £6 claimed retrospectively by the police under Phase One. The wrangle arose when the police – possibly tipped off by the Treasury that Phase One was imminent – sought and were given a 30 per cent increase in June 1975; it came into operation when the pay policy had already begun – on 1 September; the police were allowed to go ahead by a transitional arrangement. Were they thereby excluded from the £6 as well? Rees says – yes; it was perfectly clear; they could have one or the other but not both. The police say not so; we were given no such impression. Phase Two had no transitional arrangements so there could be no recovery of £6 by a repeat of special status. Endless debates on fringe benefits have also occurred – contributory pensions, overtime allowances, off-duty on-call allowances.

It is not easy to make sense of the dispute. The line of development has been discontinuous; the settlement imposed by Rees is certainly less generous than the package he had earlier offered. The topography has changed; until July 1976 talks took place in the Police Council – the statutory bargaining body; then the Police Federation walked out and ever since has spoken directly to the Home Office. Points of law make abrupt entrances; Rees had to be told after six months of negotiations that statute forbade him to negotiate directly with the police.

The police claim more money under five major heads. These claims are to some extent mutually exclusive. First, £6 under

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phase One. Second, money – they say £15 per week – to bring pay into line with the recommendation of the 1960 Willink Royal Commission that it should be 4 per cent above average earnings. Third, financial recognition of productivity increases – the number of crimes cleared up per officer rose 62 per cent between 1960 and 1972. Fourth, danger money. Fifth, compensation for their special legal position – no right to strike, no resort to ACAS, no safeguard against unfair dismissal, no protection under the 1974 law on health and safety at work.

The trouble is the police use any arguments, more or less plausible, as they find them. The leadership backs the right to strike as a bargaining ploy. They talk relativities at one moment and objectives at another. The productivity increase has been primarily due to the impact of technology; the police claim that they cooperated with its introduction; but it never threatened their employment. The absence of legal safeguards is more apparent than real; it derives from the definition of the police as 'servants of the crown' rather than 'employees' and alternative provisions exist within the force.

The real short-term cause for complaint is the variation in overtime. Pay is 70 per cent of the cost of running the police service. Half total costs are borne by local government. Local authorities have to cut spending and do so to different degrees and in different ways. Cuts in the budgets of Chief Constables cannot alter basic pay – which is standard throughout the country – but they can and do change available overtime. It, therefore, varies because cuts operate erratically, between an average of nine hours in London and next to nothing in parts of the provinces. The police have rightly called for 100-per-cent central funding to iron out differences. This would reduce the role of the local authorities. The police additionally allege that the local police committees are staffed by incompetents – elderly colonels and middle-aged trade unionists. It is difficult to know; there are no statistics on stupidity. The objection to all this is that it would pave the way towards a national police force under political control. Yet local authorities can be just as 'political' as the Home Office. The balance between the centre and the localities can be changed without changing the relationship between the state and the police.

Militancy in the police has grown with immense speed yet its roots are not entirely financial. The police are not significantly worse off either absolutely, or in relation to other wage earners, than they have been at other times of pay pause or galloping inflation: but they never made similar demands for the right to strike in the 1960s. Marxist conspirators may be at work, but it seems *prima facie* unlikely. Most policemen seem to vote Conservative. They are by profession cautious. Yet the demand for the right to strike started this year with a motion and a large majority to support it in the Thames Valley – not a hotbed of revolution. It gathered momentum from there. Different regions of the Federation backed it with majorities of up to 80 per cent. It was clearly distinguished from another demand – affiliation to the TUC – rejected by conference.

Status is as important in this as money. Conference was alive with a sense of moral indignation. Jim Jardine, chairman of the Federation, coupled appeals for better pay with an attack on liberal approaches to law and order. The militancy of the police seems a protest at loss of esteem – in the eyes of government, society and themselves – and a protest at a communications gap with the state that pays them. It is not just a matter of the scaffold and the birch. It has to be put in the context of turbulence among other 'vocational' workers – nurses, teachers, doctors. There is dissatisfaction with the machinery that settles disputes. The Police Council is seen as a sham on two counts of diffused responsibility; because it has no executive powers and because most of the official side are from the local authorities. Problems of morale are also the consequence of a more open society. Policemen are less deferential; so are the people they have to deal with. The force has become younger; the generation which saw service in the war – which stood to attention on hearing the national anthem – is fast retiring. Half of the police are now under 30. It may be too young; for increasing numbers it is their first job. More hostility is voiced at restrictions on residence and part-time employment. Attacks on the police are now made from all sorts of directions and on all sorts of counts; for their behaviour towards immigrants; for their treatment of industrial pickets; for corruption.

The Police Federation itself does not inspire confidence. Its trade union status is in doubt. Its existence depends on statute law. It would probably fail to satisfy the criteria of independence set down for applicants by the TUC. It does not pay its own officers – they are on police books and released from full-time duties. Its income is small; the NUR has seven times as much with a membership only 50 per cent higher. It would be far-fetched to call it democratic. The chairman is elected by the executive; the executive by conference; conference delegates by branch officers; branch officers – finally – by branch members.

But the real problem of status is that the police are in danger of becoming a backwater. As it is, they are 20 per cent under strength. As society becomes cleverer – or at least better qualified – they stand still. In 1974 there were only 500 graduates in a force of 120,000. Only 6 per cent of new recruits had two 'A' Levels – compare 12 per cent for school leavers as a whole. The force works on a premise of commitment to long-service; yet figures of premature retirement jumped from 1,257 in the first five months of last year to 2,041 in the first five months of this. Two solutions to these difficulties should be ruled out. 'Officer entry' might attract more of the better educated young – as it does on the Continent – but it would conflict with the historically egalitarian character of the police and would create a gap between Chiefs and Indians which has never previously existed. Good pensions have traditionally served as an incentive to long service, but their value runs out when other occupations begin to offer them as they did not before the war; and as also the security industry offers another career for which policemen are qualified.

More money is in one sense the answer. Substantial increases in pay ought to be made – but for reasons that have little to do with Phase One, fringe benefits or moral justice. Long-term assumptions, not short-term rhetoric, should guide both the award and the manner of giving it. We can construct two visions of the future for the police. In one vision they would retain most of their present and past characteristics: average wages; good pensions arranged in the hope of long service; social isolation; a weak staff association to represent their interests; integrity mixed with dullness. The other vision would involve greater risks; high earnings; quicker turnover; better promotion prospects; proficiency pay – which now only goes to dog handlers; significantly higher standards of intelligence; a mature trade union with all the customary privileges including the right to strike. On the last point, if they have enough sense of responsibility to decide day to day matters of life and death, they have enough to exercise the right to withdraw their labour. The difference between the two visions is the difference not between Dixon and Kojak but between Lestrade and Maigret. We should choose the second. We cannot live for ever on the moral capital of the Victorian ethos of public service.

Roger Woddis

Ignorance is Strength

A survey carried out among German 16-to-24-year olds by *Der Spiegel* showed that half of them did not know who Hitler was.

Some thought he was Italian,
A sex-fiend or a Communist;
Their heads were stuffed with useful facts,
But Auschwitz wasn't on the list.

And coming somewhat nearer home,
We also have our innocents,
Who, blessed with faulty memories,
Forget the roots of violence.

Orwell's vision was acute:
Seven more years and we shall know,
Given the blind or blinkered eye,
The hell where trusting natures go.

Now softer than a summer breeze,
But louder than a donkey's bray,
There comes a call from Merlyn Rees:
'Ignore them and they'll go away.'

The use of bottles, bricks and stones
Is something that we must deplore;
The ballot-box is our delight –
At least till 1984.

When Hitler goaded us too far,
We finally removed our coats
And beat him, not with guns or bombs,
But lots of democratic votes.

And if it ever happens here
(This no extremist understands),
We shall not fight them in the streets
But wring our freedom-loving hands.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Robin Cook

When the Nuclear Arrow Breaks

The lively debate over man's frenetic drive to exploit nuclear power has usefully focused public concern on the attendant probability of a nuclear accident. It is, however, curious that no similar attention has been paid to the greater risks of both accident and theft inherent in the relentless military application of nuclear energy. As the embattled International Atomic Energy Agency once bitterly observed, the probability of a credible accident is much higher for any of the hundred-odd submarines which roam every ocean of the world with their lethal freight of nuclear warheads under power provided by an atomic reactor, than for any of the fixed nuclear installations on land which the Agency inspects.

The overwhelming majority of known accidents have, in fact, occurred to American weapons or their carriers, but I am reluctant to credit that this is entirely the result of unique incompetence on the part of US forces. After all, accidents have befallen two out of four of the British Polaris fleet – one colliding with a motor vessel and another running aground before it even got out of the Clyde estuary. It is much more likely that US preponderance in the accidents league merely reflects the more open nature of American society and its much more aggressive press.

Indeed in 1975 the US Navy went so far as to issue a directive on the two categories of nuclear weapons incidents which must be reported internally. The accidental detonation or destruction of a nuclear weapon, or its theft, should be recorded under the heading 'Broken Arrow'. Damage to a nuclear weapon which stops short of its destruction merely merits the sobriquet 'Bent Spear'. It is not clear whether these homely terms were culled from the most conventional forms of weaponry in order to fool the public, or whether the US Navy itself has a psychological reluctance to acknowledge the awesome capacity for annihilation which strains at its leash.

Certainly the navies of the world have already acquired an impressive experience of nuclear weapon accidents. Four submarines powered by nuclear reactors have been lost at sea. In 1963 the US nuclear attack submarine *Thresher*, which may have carried the Subroc tactical nuclear missile, was lost with all hands off the Eastern seaboard of America, obliging the US Navy to rename the class of 13 submarines that had been called after her. In 1968 a Soviet submarine carrying nuclear ballistic missiles sank in the Pacific after a series of explosions, and in the mid-Sixties the Soviets lost an attack nuclear submarine in the Mediterranean, followed by another in 1970 in the Bay of Biscay. None of these boats has been raised from the deep, despite the combined efforts of Howard Hughes and the CIA to recover the first of the Soviet casualties, and there is no available information on whether the accidents originated in the reactor or on the degree of local radioactive contamination.

That we have any information at all is largely due to Milton Leitenberg of Cornell University, who contributes to the current Yearbook of the Stockholm Peace Research Institute a startling chapter which concludes by estimating that there must have been over 100 nuclear weapon accidents and incidents during the last 25 years. Officially, the most intriguing of the incidents logged by Leitenberg is the series of nine separate collisions between US submarines of the Sturgeon class and Soviet vessels which occurred in the course of 'a highly technical US Navy submarine reconnaissance programme' in the decade from 1965 to 1975. The layman could have been pardoned for thinking that with the whole of the seven seas to rove the vessels of the superpowers might at least manage to avoid bumping into each other.

There is, though, a significant pattern to those incidents which have surfaced publicly, all of which fall within the confined space of Soviet waters – 'near Vladivostok harbour', 'Barents Sea', 'off USSR coast'. 'near Soviet base, Kamchatka Peninsula', and even the grounding of a US submarine 'within Soviet territorial waters'. It is not difficult to imagine the outraged indignation with which the Nato powers would respond if they ever discovered a Soviet submarine stranded in the Solent or off Norfolk, Virginia, but it is difficult to share the apparent enthusiasm with which they have played at dodgems in boats carrying nuclear warheads.

While the US Navy has been busily clocking up this accident record, the US Air Force has not stood idly by. The world has thankfully been spared the 'atom-

powered' warplane which some enthusiasts forecast at the dawn of the nuclear age, but adequate opportunities for mischance are afforded to the air forces of the world by their arsenals of nuclear warheads, a surprising number of which have been jettisoned around the world. The most spectacular instance was the B-47 which accidentally dropped a nuclear bomb on South Carolina: it was subsequently discovered that five out of the six safety devices on the warhead had failed to survive the fall. In the Vietnam war a crossed wire in his firing mechanism resulted in a pilot releasing an unarmed nuclear missile against enemy gunboats. Some of these unscheduled releases have produced serious problems of plutonium pollution: top soil from several hundred acres was shipped to the US following the crash at Palomares of a B-52 carrying four nuclear bombs each with a yield over a megaton, and a number of 25,000 gallon tanks of contaminated water were collected after a similar crash on the ice-pack at Thule.

The US now deploys probably over 30,000 nuclear warheads dispersed to locations in every corner of the globe. The sheer volume of this arsenal poses nightmare problems of security, which are not relieved by the knowledge that the military police record more failures under the Human Reliability Programme than the US armed forces as a whole.

Possibly it was this latter statistic which prompted a US Air Force brief of last year to warn: 'From a nuclear surety point of view, any time a weapon is exposed to people, there is a possibility of it being subjected to an insecure or unsafe environment.' This caution is a curious inversion of the civilian perception that it is people who are placed at risk when they are exposed to a nuclear weapon, not the reverse. It is a striking example of what Brigadier Bidwell has identified as the totemism of military psychology – 'that service tendency of mind which sentimentally values things more than lives'.

American efforts to prevent nuclear technology being exposed to 'an insecure environment' probably reached an all-time high during the Vietnam war, when they hurriedly dismantled the Dalat research reactor to prevent it falling into the hands of the advancing Vietcong. It is improbable that anyone will be able to shift the much larger nuclear installations of central Europe out of the path of conflicting armies. The Flowers Committee has already concluded that, had nuclear power been in widespread use at the time of the last war, 'it is likely that some areas of central Europe would still be uninhabitable'.

Whole libraries could be filled with studies of the manner in which the advent of nuclear weapons has affected international relationships in war and peace, but scant attention has been paid to the extent to which the possession of such weapons might influence the outcome of power struggles within a nuclear state. Yet already there have been reports of two occasions when nuclear weapons became embroiled in the internal strife. In Algiers the Revolt of the Generals in 1961 coincided, apparently fortuitously, with preparations for a nuclear

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

test in the Sahara: equally fortuitously the local commander remained loyal to the government and hurried arrangements were made to detonate the device prematurely. In 1967 during the Cultural Revolution the commander of Sinkiang province allegedly blackmailed Peking into restraining the Red Guards from infesting his territory by blunt threats that he would retaliate by seizing the nuclear weapons research establishment.

However, the aspiring insurgent in search of nuclear blackmail is much more likely to turn his mind to civilian nuclear plants which offer him a softer option than military installations. Just how soft this option can be has been depressingly documented by Dr Michael Flood, energy consultant to Friends of the Earth, who submitted detailed evidence on nuclear terrorism to the Royal Commission on Environmental Pollution. To date the only nuclear power station to be overrun by terrorists – at Atucha in Argentina – was not critical at the time, but already there are some legendary tales of successful penetration of civilian reactors. There is for instance the member of the German Bundestag who presented an anti-tank bazooka to the director of the Biblis reactor after smuggling it past his security guards: or the inspector from the Nuclear Regulatory Commission who reported to the administration of Quad Cities reactor in Illinois after entering through an uncontrolled gate.

A determined onslaught against a nuclear power station is unlikely to meet with successful resistance. The Atomic Energy Authority Special Constables Act of 1976 gives that Authority the unique privilege of raising a private police force with the right to bear small arms and machine guns, not only within its property but in hot pursuit outside: it is the only police force whose annual report is classified. Nevertheless only eight out of 20 major nuclear installations are protected by this force. In the US private utility companies operating nuclear power stations meet federal regulations if they maintain only two armed guards on the site. Even then companies are frequently found in violation of the minimum regulations: in 1974 Edison was fined for *eighteen* separate breaches of the regulations including those on proper training of guards and provision of adequate communications between them.

Even if malevolent groups can be kept beyond the security perimeter, there remains the problem posed by the multiplying workforce which must be admitted. The impossibility of policing such large numbers is neatly illustrated by the case of William T. Riley who rose to the dizzy height of top security officer of the US Atomic Energy Commission before being convicted in 1973 of embezzling $239,000 from colleagues to bet on horses.

In the mid-Fifties the fledgling British nuclear industry mounted an exercise known, perhaps fittingly, as Operation Circus, in which a team of nuclear physicists were attached to Windscale for a period of months with the specific objective of manipulating the reprocessing procedure in order surreptitiously to divert plutonium undetected by a rival team of inspectors. Sometimes the good guys caught them out: sometimes they successfully salted away an appreciable quantity of plutonium. Evidence that nuclear fuel can disappear in real life as well as in charades was provided in 1974 by the ambitious smuggling ring which removed over 100 tons of uranium from the Juguda plant in Bihar.

Even with access to fissile material it would remain difficult, though not impossible, for a clandestine group to fabricate an explosive device, but that would not prevent them posing a sensational blackmail threat by exploiting its toxic properties. Indeed the fascist plans for a coup in Italy which were uncovered in 1974 contained the characteristically beastly idea of poisoning the city aqueducts with radioactive waste.

The relative vulnerability of civilian plants does not of course imply that military installations are impregnable. Three years ago several *tons* of expensive metal fittings were filched from the submarine dockyard at Rosyth while the Polaris submarine *Revenge* was being refitted. On Boxing Day 1973 it was discovered that an unknown group, apparently with inside help, had spent Christmas knocking off weapons from the Nato arsenal at Duren, which is believed to stock nuclear warheads. The nature of their loot has never been revealed, but the extensive troop manoeuvres over the subsequent fortnight at airports in Germany, Belgium, and Britain, including a dramatic investment of Heathrow by tanks, suggest that it must have been substantial.

It is worth emphasising that all the above incidents have occurred in the three decades since the first nuclear explosion or in the two decades since the boundless energy which it revealed was harnessed for electrical power. Moreover, they have occurred in a period when only a few highly industrialised nations could boast of a nuclear industry and when even fewer deployed nuclear weapons. Over the next two decades the number of nuclear power stations is expected to treble and the number of governments with control of a nuclear industry will multiply even faster. In many cases these new nuclear states will have sufficient technology and plant to acquire a modest nuclear weapons capability if they choose to do so.

A couple of years ago Professor Bernard Feld, the distinguished secretary-general of the Pugwash movement, predicted that there was a fifty-fifty probability of a nuclear war somewhere in the globe before the end of the century. Although we may succeed in avoiding the level chance of war, on past evidence it would appear that we shall be lucky to survive even two decades of peace without a major nuclear incident through accident or malevolent design.

Nick Terdre

The Shadow that Falls on Brazil

With *King-Kong* showing at 29 cinemas in São Paulo, it is all too easy to find in the powerful actions of that slow and clumsy brute an analogy for the arbitrary violence with which the military regime in Brazil continues to impose its will. Its most recent victim has been the opposition party, the MDB, at once a central feature of the democratic façade erected by the regime, and the source of some of the most outspoken attacks launched on its master.

Last spring, President Geisel's proposal to restrict even further the already much-reduced independence of the judiciary came before Congress for the usual rubber-stamp. As it involved amending the constitution it required a two-thirds majority which MDB, thanks to its sweeping gains in the 1974 elections, was able to deny it. President Geisel promptly closed Congress and – under Institutional Act No 5 – forced through the judicial reform, castigating MDB's exercise of the right guaranteed to it under the constitution (passed by the regime itself in 1969) as 'the dictatorship of the minority'. To guard against MDB's dictatorial tendencies in the future, he also amended the constitution so that constitutional reforms may now be passed by the simple majority that the government party, Arena, enjoys; and to keep things that way, he also had put on the statute book several measures relating to the congressional elections in 1978 which should ensure that the balance of power between the two parties remains unchanged.

MDB's next foray into the minefield of opposition politics produced a most revealing exercise in contrasts. Having decided to take advantage of the once-a-year TV broadcast which the law allows them, MDB leaders found themselves on the air on the same night that a TV interview recorded by President Geisel was being broadcast in France. Thus, while the President was blandly asserting to the French nation:

> This question of torture, of suffering and of terrorist action against those who do not support the Brazilian government, is totally untrue. Brazil is a free country where all may live freely and enjoy all their rights.

the MDB leader Alencar Furtado was telling the Brazilian nation:

> The regime has bastardised the law, violated

ADVERTISEMENT

POETS' PARADISE

'Coronation Street Mondays and
Wednesdays, I live for it.
Thank God, half past seven tonight
and I shall be in paradise'.*

Sir John Betjeman
Poet Laureate

* Paradise **b** *fig* A state of supreme felicity. Late MD (OED)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the immunity of the judiciary, debilitated the legislature and placed its leaders above the very constitution, which for its part, is subordinated to the whims of the institutional acts.

Unmindful perhaps of the dictum that actions speak louder than words, Geisel announced that Furtado was *cassado*, deprived without appeal of his political mandate, while Ulysses Guimarães, the MDB president, was threatened with proceedings under the broadcasting law. As in the case of coffee and its other agricultural products, Brazil exports the best and reserves the worst for domestic consumption.

It is said that Furtado was punished because he touched too closely on the question of torture and kidnappings. And that, indeed, is a sensitive spot for the regime – for there has been virtually no reduction in the degree of violence to which political prisoners are subjected. Last December, having discovered a central committee meeting of the Maoist *Partido Comunista do Brasil* in São Paulo, police unleashed a fusillade of machine-gun fire against the locale, killing two people who were completely unarmed. A third, who had already left the meeting, was later found run over, in classical style, by an unidentified vehicle.

The seven people who were captured alive received the usual treatment: Elza Lima Monnerat, a woman in her late sixties, was kept naked for 35 days, without comb, toothbrush, washing things or even toilet paper. Great bundles of her hair were yanked out by her interrogators. Aldo Silva Arantes, when visited by his mother and lawyers, was incapable of moving himself due to the various tortures he had suffered at the army interrogation centre, and had to be helped in by two policemen. Celso Brambilla, according to the police a member of another group called *Liga Operária*, received so many 'telephones' (simultaneous blows to both ears) while under interrogation in the basement torture centre of the DOPS political police in São Paulo that his ear-drum was broken.

Yet the revolutionary movement poses little real problem for the regime. Students, nationally mobilised, pose more, and after being violently repressed in 1968/69, the movement is now showing signs of revival. The first street demonstrations since that time took place in May and June, and political meetings have been held on campuses all over the country. The authorities' response has been predictably massive. In São Paulo, 20,000 police were mobilised to contain a demonstration that numbered nowhere near even 10,000. Given a rare opportunity to show the world what advanced technology they are made of, counter-insurgency forces got out their dyed-water jets, their tear-gas sprays, their rubber bullets, their diarrhoea-inducing sprays, their electrified truncheons and so on. Given the violence with which they set upon the demonstrators, it was astonishing that no one was killed.

What is important about the student mobilisation, which in itself will not bring the regime down, is that it is symptomatic of the growing mood of discontent among those sections of the community in which the regime has in the past been able to count on either active support or at least passive acquiescence. The period of rapid economic growth, known as the 'economic miracle', for a long time kept both the business community and liberal sectors of the middle classes satisfied or at least quiet.

But the economic miracle has now given way to the second largest foreign debt in the world (more than $28,000m.), while the inflation rate has shot up to just under 50 per cent in the last couple of years. Hence the middle classes are beginning to complain as their salaries are squeezed; and on the business front, traditionally under-capitalised Brazilian firms now find themselves in difficult straits, their futures impossible to plan due to the autocratic and highly confused nature of the government's economic decision-making apparatus. Hence the outspoken calls for 'dialogue' and 'participation' which have emanated from certain business sectors this year, many of them suggesting a return to civilian rule as a solution to the problem.

Finally, even the armed forces, it seems, are beginning to find their burden wearisome, and there are signs that a liberal movement may be being coordinated. In April, over 100 colonels supported a manifesto addressed to President Geisel in which the regime was accused of betraying its commitment to return the country to normality once the threat of subversion had been crushed. The manifesto ended with a radical appeal for a constituent assembly to prepare a return to civilian government, amnesty for all political prisoners, the reestablishment of *habeas corpus* and the revoking of all exceptional legislation.

But the less liberal elements in the army have also taken their precautions. They have already prepared their ground in the battle to choose a successor to President Geisel, whose period of office ends only in 1979. There is little hope of any relaxation of the regime from the two leading contenders – General Sílvio Frota, hardline Minister of the Army, and General João Batista Figueiredo, ultra-hardline chief of the SNI domestic spy agency.

Thus long after the cinema bill-boards have come down, it looks very much as if King-Kong will still be towering over the sky-scrapers of Rio and São Paulo. His sense of balance may be faltering a little, but it is clear that there is a lot of violence left in him still.

São Paulo

This Brazil

☐ A woman jailed in Buenos Aires for killing a man, dismembering his body and boiling his head is to be retried on a plea of self-defence. – *Daily Express* (M. Boom)

Martin Staniland

Breaking the US Airlines' Cartel

'It is hard to imagine a group of businessmen so paranoid with fear of the market place as to support the continuation of a regulatory system which has brought so little long-term gain to some of the largest carriers.' Thus the consumers. Now for the industry: 'Our inadequate earnings have all but destroyed our credit and the threat of a deregulated free-for-all adds a further obstacle to the availability of capital . . . it would destroy the route structure.'

Not the railways, not the truckers, nor the bus operators, but the great American airline industry, flying 560,000 passengers a day, commanding investments of $18,000m., and headed by four carriers which between them take 64 per cent of domestic traffic. Yet the passions run as high in the battle to deregulate air transport as in the more publicised natural gas epic, and President Carter's determination to win is certainly as great. Started by Senator Edward Kennedy in 1974 and adopted by Gerald Ford, the cause of airline deregulation has now reached detailed legislative hearings. It is supported by the current Civil Aeronautics Board, the Transportation and Justice Departments, consumer groups, non-regulated operators, and the White House. It is flatly opposed by the major airlines (except for United), their financiers, their employees, and the AFL-CIO. The main casualty has been Brock Adams, Secretary for Transportation, who is caught between his friends in Seattle and his colleagues in Washington.

With gas, Carter's aim is to deregulate inter-state commerce so as to permit higher prices, leading to greater profits and, eventually, to bigger supplies. With the airlines, the aim is to create more competition, leading to lower fares and a larger market. The gas industry wants deregulation because it knows that it has a good mousetrap for sale. The airlines do not. They just want the mice to come watch their movies and pay a bit more to do so.

The airlines' touching attachment to the Civil Aeronautics Board comes of familiarity and low profits. Since 1938 the Board has decided who can fly where and charge what fares. Under its protection, the industry has grown and sometimes prospered, especially in the 1960s. One jumbo jet can earn annually as much as the entire commercial network earned in 1938. The CAB has helped, notably by rejecting applications which would undercut existing fares. It delayed processing an application for transcontinental service at $89 by World Airways – Oakland's answer to Freddie Laker – until the case becomes, technically, 'stale'. Not one of the 79 applications for entry to trunk continental routes made since 1950 has succeeded and only 8 per cent of 1,800 applications for entry to major inter-city routes have been granted.

The critics accuse the CAB of colluding

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in or even promoting capacity restriction agreements made by the airlines in the early Seventies. The agreements, which reduced seat availability by nearly 30 per cent, were declared illegal in 1974 and the CAB was rebuked in court for having 'intimated that its responsibilities to the carriers [were] more important than its responsibilities to the public.' Again without public hearings, the CAB informally imposed a moratorium on new route awards starting in 1969.

All this, plus the grant of a 20-per-cent fare increase within 12 months in 1973-4 and the banning of discount fares, enraged the consumer activists and confirmed the belief in Washington that the CAB had become, in Senator Charles Percy's words, 'a super board of directors for the airlines'. In 1975 the CAB got a new chairman, John Robson – an opponent of capacity restriction and an advocate of deregulation. Shortly afterwards, the chairman of the Senate's Aviation subcommittee, Howard Cannon (the avuncular Nevada Democrat who presided over Carter's inaugural) agreed to support reform, despite his long-standing predilection for the airlines' point of view and his distaste for what he clearly sees as Senator Kennedy's demagoguery on the issue. Hence S.689, the Cannon-Kennedy Bill, now under consideration, which provides for phased expansion of routes, freedom to fix fares anywhere above cost level, and guarantees of continuity of service for small communities (like Winnemucca, Nevada). Backed by the agencies, accepted by Republicans and Democrats, and flanked by complementary Bills in House and Senate, the Bill has a reasonable chance of reaching Carter's desk, however amended, by Christmas.

The breadth of support for S.689 is a tribute to the political ineptitude of the old CAB, but it has not so far shaken the defiant consensus of pro-regulators in the industry. Only United has defected and has been abused bitterly as a rotten, selfish sneak for doing so. The airlines are, in fact, embarrassed, financially and politically. Having invested heavily in what they call 'wide-bodied capability' in the halcyon days of the Sixties, when traffic was growing annually at around 15 per cent, they have puttered through four years of recession with reduced revenues, increased costs, empty seats, parked planes, and idle flight crews. In each of the last six years, traffic has grown at under 3 per cent; returns on investment have been under 5 per cent; and employment has gone down by 20,000.

But, according to the critics, regulation has made the industry more vulnerable to recessions that it need be. It has one of the worst records of productivity in American business and cannot now rely on technology to improve productivity as it previously did. Its fares, on one government estimate, have been from 22 to 52 per cent higher than they would have been without CAB protection. In California and Texas, airlines operating only within the state (and therefore exempt from CAB regulation) manage to charge $15 to $20 less than the CAB fares set for the inter-state lines. In 1976 the San Francisco-Los Angeles fare on Pacific Southwestern (a non-CAB carrier) was less than half that on the regulated Boston-Washington route, a comparable distance (though not, the CAB lines insist, a comparable operation).

Each year as many as 100,000 passengers find their reservations cancelled through official over-booking (a policy which the CAB does not require airlines to disclose). Up to two-thirds of passengers are thought to pay more than necessary for their tickets, through confusion or plain duplicity. It is easily done when, as in New York-Los Angeles market, 17 different types of fare are available.

The airlines are annoyed that deregulation has taken fire politically just when they were looking forward to a few quiet years of profit. They desperately need capital – perhaps as much as $70,000m. over the next 14 years – to cover the replacement of large fleets of ageing and heavily depreciated 707 and DC-8 jets and to adapt planes to meet federal environmental standards. The desperation arises from their outstanding debts and poor record of profitability. TWA, despite huge efforts, still has a debt-to-equity ratio of three-to-one and an estimated 100 aircraft needing replacement by 1984; American, and United are close behind. The problem is whether the banks will lend, given the airlines' indebtedness and the risks entailed by deregulation.

Nobody questions the industry's need for capital or for profitability. Both sides agree on the likelihood of a price war after deregulation. They disagree fundamentally on means, consequences, and priorities. The moderate deregulators think the airlines should be forced to be free, for their own good; otherwise they will go the way of American railways, ending as an atrophied state-owned system similar to Amtrack (the public rail corporation). Kennedy and the consumer advocates are less conciliatory: they accept that some airlines may collapse and are mainly concerned 'to make air travel available to more Americans'.

The industry's defence rests on three assumptions. First, it claims that it is already competitive, through time-tabling, quality of service and fare structuring. The latter could be improved by establishing a 'zone of reasonableness', allowing greater fare competition within a band of, say, 15 per cent on either side of the CAB rate. A free-for-all would, says Robert Six of Continental, 'result in a period of initial chaos . . . ultimately most of our air transportation will be in the control of a few giants'. Payloads, safety standards, employment, and market confidence would crumble.

To this, the critics reply that unregulated industries manage not to destroy themselves and the airlines could do likewise. They reject monopoly danger as unreal, in view of the size and complexity of the market. It is certainly not clear why travellers should fear one big bad wolf more than a cartel of four.

Secondly, the airlines claim that reregulation would end 'cross-subsidy' – the support of unprofitable local services by the busier trunk routes. Local services would be abandoned as the airlines withdrew to defend their piggy banks against rivals: Podunk would be wiped off the world aviation map. But hundreds of services have already lapsed and the Kennedy Bill would protect rather than subvert subsidiary routes. In any case, Podunks don't usually loom in the 'friendly skies of United', or over the smug horizons of American. They are typically served by Podunk International or Air Woonsocket, and quite effectively, too.

Lastly, say the CAB carriers, competition will not bring down fares. CAB rates are based on a realistic assessment of inflexible and ever-rising costs. On this point, the deregulators argue that protection has allowed the airlines to evade cost control (and industrial disputes), since the CAB uncritically swallows their estimates and passes on costs to the passengers. Why, they ask, is it that Air California and Southwestern (two intra-state lines) have higher productivity indices than any of the trunk carriers? Why have the latter not done what Boeing suggests is economically possible – namely, to fly jumbo jets on transcontinental routes 70 per cent full for only half the CAB-approved fare? Because, say the airlines, the passengers aren't there. Because, say the critics, you're too scared to try and too inefficient to succeed.

The name Boeing brings us back to Brock Adams, whose home base is the state of Washington, where Boeing also has its residence in Seattle. Adams, according to *Aviation Week*, has disappointed his old friends in aviation as well as his associates in government. The President has reportedly criticised him for listening too much to 'special interests' and not enough to ordinary folks (that is, the 25 per cent who fly). Adams then stirred himself to half-hearted support of the Bill (half-hearted enough to revive Senator Cannon's old doubts). The White House set about inspiring an incongruous write-in coalition, the sponsors of which include Ralph Nader's Congress Watch, the American Conservative Union, the American Association of Retired Persons, and Sears Roebuck. It remains to be seen whether Carter can persuade the airline employees that deregulation will not entail, as they fear, the grounding of 500 planes and the loss of 29,000 jobs.

San Francisco

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naomi Mitchison

Skills and Changes

Today's agricultural worker is likely to spend most of his working hours on his own, driving a tractor or a combine, perhaps having to wear a mask, and with some fairly powerful, complex and potentially dangerous machinery attached. He must watch over this, so as to catch any developing trouble. If the recent anti-noise regulations are taken seriously, the driver is even more isolated; he will scarcely be able to hear if anything is going wrong with the mechanism which he is towing, still less when someone shouts from the far side of the field that a load of fertiliser has arrived – or the Man from the Ministry.

A few years back he might well have been in the seat of a smaller tractor, without a safety cab; but if, for instance, he was pulling an old-fashioned long-bladed mower or a binder, there was his mate perched on its seat to shout at him if there was a snag. If his binder was circling an oat-field he would be constantly passing the crowd of stookers, probably with cheerful, shouting children lugging sheaves their own size.

Another step back and you come to the pair of horses which were themselves a kind of companionship. The pairs of oxen in the Orkneys, wearing horse collars for pulling but with the haims pointed downward to clear the dewlap, were perhaps less intelligent and friendly than horses, but still living beings in your own world. Further back takes you to the row of scythers working across a harvest field, as I remember them from my Perthshire childhood, the women binders going behind and the old and very young gleaners, including me, last. Yes, it was hard and heavy work. Yes, the pay was miserable and the hours long. We know. But a whole range of skills has been lost, and those that replace them are less varied and often just as heavy. I can work with most hand implements or build a stack, but I can't even lift some of the machine components and it's a struggle to carry a tight hay bale.

We used to carry tea out to the hay field or harvest, scones and new jam; there was talk and laughter, everyone a bit loosened up, the men and women pleased with one another's company. Now there's no time for that, everything goes at the machine's pace. Talk and laughing may come later among the men at the bar, now that everyone can afford a round, but it's not so friendly. It is seldom enough that a modern farm needs a crowd. While we all grew oats extra hands were needed, not only at harvest but when the threshing mill came round – a good neighbourly occasion, that, with a big meal provided by each farm it went to. But the threshing mill became uneconomic; it was old and spares not to be had. Now the combine rushes round our barley and in no time there is a beautiful heap of grain. Yet we do cooperate in the sense that we do contract work for one another among the local farms, sometimes share the dipping and are always ready to lend a piece of equipment to a neighbour.

Today, shearing is done by one professional shearer with his own electric shears, the farm supplying the outlet; he needs two others to catch and place the sheep. He comes to us all in turn, but we must be careful not to have him too early; you can't shear until the thick fleece has lifted away from the skin, leaving a layer of hairs to cut through. But in the old days there might be a small crowd of hand shearers working together. I remember shearing my much petted Border Leicester tup, and how, when I untied his feet, he stamped and roared furiously at me. The policeman is supposed to look in on the statutory dipping, but can't be everywhere at once and may well be afraid of being made to help. But, with the new dips, the fleeces, which used to be mucky with ticks and keds, now come off clean, ready to roll. I'm sure, too, that it is nicer for the ewes to have two minutes of professional shearing than one of us taking five times as long and probably nicking her into the bargain.

This is all part of the transition from comparatively small-scale farming run by, or in close association with, a knowledgeable owner or tenant, to factory farming. It seems clear that factory farming is short-term, immediate profit based, and has little use for conservation, including the stability and fertility of the land. What is the point of worrying about that if profits depend on an economic situation that has nothing to do with farming? Most small-scale farming, which is particularly appropriate in areas with narrowish fertile valleys between useable but difficult hill land, is very careful of the future.

The small mixed farm is flexible. Probably several crops are grown on relatively small acreages (how inappropriate and irritating is this change to hectares in the forms we have to fill up!) so that we avoid devastating one-crop failures. Above all, people switch about and must have, at least, some of the old hand skills. On the factory farm the man on the tractor has one job; he is not taking in the whole thing, any more than the man on the assembly line is interested in the completed car. His primary interest is bound to be his pay and his mechanical skill. His machine attachments change, but the main job, up and down, is the same. He is not really sharing in the farm's purpose. There can be none of the old companionship, leaning over a gate, chatting away, master and man, deciding what a field needs and what it will give back if properly treated. Participation has become a boring word, but it is genuine in one kind of farming, not in another.

'It wasn't so long ago when you were prepared to wear the sackcloth to go with them!'

Nor is it simply between people. You can be skilled with machines but you don't really get a sympathetic response from them. You do get this from animals, especially milking cows. In the days before we had mains electricity and machine milking with those horribly heavy churns, my land-girl Jean and I used to go out carrying a bucket of water and an old towel, our milking pails and stools, and call the cows who clearly enjoyed the process of hand milking and turned their heads to give us an occasional lick. Jean used to sing to them sometimes and they liked that. It took time, of course, but why not if one is in no hurry to do something else?

Let me remember one other thing from old, pre-tractor days: Lachlan ploughing with the pair, Jo and Echran, and twisting the furrow to save a peewit's nest. Is that laughable? And two other points. One is that every time you buy a piece of machinery in order to economise on working costs, you help to put someone out of work. The other is that there are a good many men and women, not drop-outs but competent people, who want to live and work, not in industrial cities but in the country, and not necessarily on an urban standard of living, because they do not have to make up for some of the less pleasant aspects of city life. They do not, however, want to do semi-industrial work on factory farms; they may not be interested in, or good at, mechanical skills. Probably they hope to work, partly at least, with stock on a mixed farm.

I would add that, in the Highlands, which I know reasonably well by now, there are just not enough small farm units for those, including farmers' sons, often with modern agricultural training, who want to make a start on their own and work their way up. The Department of Agriculture and Fisheries has been told this often enough! Perhaps also land-owners who might have let small farms on reasonably long leases – ten or twenty years – are unwilling to take a tenant who, today, has complete security of tenure, whatever he does, so that the landlord has no say at all.

Every year there are fewer voters outside the towns. The big farmers get their publicity and make their demands through the NFU. In Scotland the crofters' voice is listened to. But money is the only measure. Good land use is not only about economics, but about aspects of living which cannot be exactly quantified. Nevertheless, they exist.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Donald Gould

Put Away

Nobody should be surprised by the claim made last week that over the past seven years at least 20 people in the Liverpool area have been locked up in mental hospitals upon the initiative of social workers acting (albeit in ignorance and good faith) outside the law. Probably nobody *is* surprised. But how many people noticed? How many people care?

If there is some small suspicion that a habitual criminal may have been imprisoned as a result, say, of being picked upon during an identity parade which has been stage-managed in a less than faultless fashion, then (and quite rightly) MPs protest, well-known champions of human rights send letters to *The Times,* Home Secretaries are moved to action, and occasionally a proper villain is released from prison to resume his career.

We fervently support the principle that it is better for six guilty men to escape justice than for a single innocent to suffer. But if somebody suspected of mental illness is put away for an indeterminate period upon the original say-so of a youthful social worker, or of a doctor who may hold a diploma in psychiatry but who is desperately short on sense and sensibility, nobody gives a damn, except, perhaps, the victim of the decision, and, less frequently, his nearest and dearest.

This is a strange difference. Most of us go to our graves without having known a relative or a workmate who has ended up in gaol, but during the course of a lifetime one out of eight citizens of this country suffers some defect of the mind of sufficient severity to call for psychiatric care, so the manner in which the mentally ill are handled is likely to affect every one of us, either directly or indirectly, at some time or other. Why, therefore, the wall of indifference? Why don't we worry more about the rights of those 'accused' of mental deviation?

There are two prime factors at work. The public fears mental illness now just as strongly as in the not long past days when unfortunate women whose language and behaviour and appearance didn't fit in with the norm were drowned or burned as witches. So we are only too willing to have people (even sons and mothers) put away if they disturb us by behaviour which is likely to embarrass the neighbours.

This traditional attitude was well, if perhaps unconsciously, expressed by a highly-regarded chairman of a mental health tribunal who spoke at a seminar, held in October last year, and organised by the Department of Health and Social Security, and convened to give the new Secretary of State some idea of what people concerned with mental health thought and felt.

The mental health tribunal is the body established under the Mental Health Act 1959 to function as an appeal court for people who do think themselves wrongly detained. There are usually three members – a lawyer as chairman, and a social worker (or perhaps some other solid citizen), and a psychiatrist. It is rare for a tribunal to order the release of some patient who the so-called responsible medical officer (i.e. the doctor in charge of the case – he is often, these days, a citizen of another country with another culture) believes to be better off 'inside'.

Obviously it is only patients who have been refused their freedom by their doctors who appear before tribunals, because, apart from criminals committed to mental hospitals by the courts, a responsible medical officer can release a prisoner from a mental ward as readily as he can take him in. Therefore anybody appealing to a mental health tribunal for his liberty begins with a grave disadvantage, having already been judged unfit for that privilege by the person supposed, more than any other, to be qualified to judge his claim.

But apart from the prejudices of psychiatrists, the chances of release from imprisonment in the locked ward of a mental hospital may well depend upon the ill-informed attitudes of mental health tribunal members. That chairman mentioned above said that he would never recommend release for a patient whose strange behaviour might disrupt a family with children, even though 'there might be no question of any physical risk'. This, or so it seems to me, is a quite extraordinary doctrine. Does not the 'strange behaviour' of a Vegan, or of a member of the Church of Scientology, or of a dedicated fornicator, or a compulsive gambler, or even an over-keen angler, often threaten to 'disrupt a family with children?' But we don't deprive such people of their liberty.

The second factor working against the interests of those unfortunate enough to be labelled as mentally abnormal is the ignorance of doctors, including psychiatrists, concerning the mechanisms of the mind. Some 'experts' maintain that there is no such thing as mental illness, and that so-called schizophrenics, for example, are perfectly normal people whose apparently strange behaviour is simply a reasonable reaction to a rotten environment, such as a broken home. At the antipole are those who believe that all unusual or inappropriate responses can be attributed to an upset in the chemistry or physics of the brain, and are therefore amenable to treatment by various drugs, or electric shocks, or similar means.

If there are such differences of view concerning the causes of mental illness, there must be, and are, similar disagreements concerning the manner in which the mentally disturbed should be handled. So while the luck of the draw may determine whether a theft attracts a prison sentence or a fine or a conditional discharge, according to the judge or magistrate involved, the fate of somebody who, upon an occasion, acts in an apparently irrational fashion, is chancier still. It is, for example, by no means unknown for a person who commits another to a mental hospital never to have had to deal with such a circumstance before.

We have to ask ourselves whether the liberty of the subject ought to be left at the disposal of people who quite patently, too often, have small idea of what they are about. The grave weakness of the Mental Health Act 1959 lies in its assumption that mental illness is understood, and that there are, indeed, experts available who can be identified, and who can be relied upon to know what is best done in the interests of society and individuals, even to the extent that they, the experts, should be given powers over the freedom of the citizen larger, and less subject to appeal, than those possessed by any court.

This is a myth. Some day things may change. Meantime the right to freedom should prevail.

SOLD OUT IN VEGAS!

Too often the copies on the news stands have gone, but you can guarantee your copy of the NEW STATESMAN by taking out an airmail subscription. Whether you live in Las Vegas or Djakarta it's the best way of ensuring you receive your copy of the NS each week.

Airmail copies arrive within a few days of publication.

Airmail Subscriptions—One Year

15 per cent discount to new subscribers

	Full rate	Introductory
Europe	£17.50	£14.80
Middle East	£19.00	£16.10
Africa, India	£20.00	£17.00
Australia, NZ Far East	£21.00	£17.80
USA, Canada	$40.00	$34.00

You may pay by sterling or dollar cheque or by International Money Order.

Please send your name and address and payment to:

Dept OR, NEW STATESMAN, Great Turnstile, London WC1, England

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London Diary

☐ I notice that Mr Vance, the American Secretary of State, has been here again. He was either coming from or going to the Middle East. Soon I see he will be off to China. Dr Owen, too, rarely unpacks his bags. If he is not in Rhodesia, then Africans come here. No sooner has Mr Vance waved goodbye than Dr Owen hurries after him to Washington. What on earth do they find to talk about? Perhaps they play cards – picquet, I hope – and rely on time to find a happy solution. Alas, there is no happy solution for Rhodesia, Palestine (now curiously called Israel) or the countless other problems of the world. There is only a clash of forces and there can only be an answer when one side asserts a superiority of force which it displays either in war or in some less disastrous way. Of course it is wiser to compromise with your opponent while you are in the way with him. But this is a counsel of perfection which few heed nowadays and interminable conversations between Mr Vance and Dr Owen will not achieve it. However, good may come out of evil as often happens. If all secretaries of state transact business with each other, there will be no need for ambassadors and the costly heritage of the diplomatic service can be wound up. Then we can devote more money to the British Council, the one valuable agency we maintain abroad. But shall we do so? To most political figures in this country culture is a dirty word and, when they hear it, they tighten their purse strings even if they do not, like Goering, actually reach for their revolvers.

☐ Culture is my business as well as being my pleasure. I have just had yet another bout of lecturing to Americans at summer school in Oxford. These summer schools keep the colleges and universities of the country going. Our institutions of higher learning are transformed into boarding houses for American and European students and without them could hardly make ends meet. The summer schools are thus a worthy cause but I wonder at the eagerness the students display – two lectures every morning for a fortnight or more and classes in the afternoon. The natives however seem to have lost the taste for such activities. There was a time when left-wing intellectuals gathered annually for the Fabian summer school and when the Liberal summer school announced the promise of a great new Liberal programme which was never fulfilled. Atheists gathered to share their unbelief. Advocates of contraception propounded a sexual freedom which they rarely practised. Now all is silence. No more improving lectures; no more sing-songs round the ingle nook. There is a new and, I think, more rewarding activity. Students are no longer at summer schools, let alone on reading parties. They provide amateur labour at archeological Digs. They rediscover Roman Britain and Anglo-Saxon villages. They map medieval London before the excavators destroy it. It is true that we are losing our historical heritage faster than ever before. But we are also recording it more than we ever did. I think the diggers are better engaged than at summer schools, not that I ever dug anything except a vegetable garden and am now glad to be rid of that.

☐ Now a word of praise for London Transport. The buses may travel in convoy; the tube trains may not always run on time. But I have just received from London Transport *Country Walks 1977/1978 edition.* (By the way why is the stroke now universally displacing the hyphen?) This series has been my constant guide for years, taking me over the Chilterns and the more rural parts of Hertfordshire. I have learnt from them how much unspoilt and deserted country there is within 20 or 30 miles of London. There has hitherto been one restriction. All the walks began or ended in dependence on London Transport trains or coaches. Now *Country Walks* condescends to recognise British Rail stations, though only I think at the end of a walk, never at the beginning. I hope there will be greater cooperation between the two transport organisations. There have been other changes over the years. The recommended walks have become shorter. They used to range from ten to fourteen miles. Now they have often shrunk to six or seven – a mere afternoon stroll. Is this a sign that the users are becoming lazier or is the compiler himself running out of breath? There is also more emphasis on sightseeing. In the present handbook Paul Nash, Pope Adrian VI, Thomas à Becket and Judge Jeffreys all provide excuse for a perambulation. I prefer to walk when I walk and to sight-see when I don't. This does not diminish my gratitude for *Country Walks 1977/1978 edition.*

☐ London Transport has also produced a pamphlet on *Hawksmoor in London* with short descriptions of his six great churches and directions how to visit them by bus, thus escaping the difficulties of parking. I made this adventurous journey the other afternoon. I started at St George Bloomsbury with George I on the top of its spire, itself modelled on the Tomb of Mausolus at Halicornassus. Then on to St Mary Woolnoth which makes a strange Egyptian appearance at the heart of the City. Both these churches are in glamorous condition. Things are different with the three churches in the East End. St George in the East was gutted during the war and has had a smaller church ingeniously built in its ruins. The other two survived the war only to be ravaged by vandalism and neglect. All three of them stand in a desert of weeds, old newspapers and rusty bedsteads. Yet Hawksmoor was, I think, the most original of our architects and these churches are his greatest creations. There is an incredible combination of styles – Egyptian, Palladian, Gothic and pure Hawksmoor. Did the East End even at its most populous ever fill these enormous buildings? Certainly it is unable to sustain them now, though gallant efforts are being made. The three churches are national monuments of the first class and should be included in every coach tour. Their present state is a disgrace to London. Would any other city so neglect some of its greatest monuments? I shall go again soon and hope the rectors of Christ Church Spitalfields and St Anne Limehouse are at home so that I can obtain the keys of their churches. As a final treat I walked through the pedestrian tunnel under the Thames from the Isle of Dogs to Greenwich and saw St Alfege which is in excellent state. Altogether a most rewarding afternoon.

☐ I thought that as the production of books became more expensive the books themselves would get shorter. Quite the contrary has proved to be the case. In all my 40 years of reviewing I have never had books so monstrously heavy and so monstrously long. Hitler alone burdened me with 3,000 pages of reading, saying much the same thing four times over. I suppose much of this comes from the invasion of American publishers, now that they and English publishers are allowed to divide the world between them. Americans have always liked long books, perhaps to relieve the tedium of their existence. By some strange chance the long books are likelier than the short ones to be best-sellers, and this actually makes them cheaper. A further burden for the conscientious reader is that nowadays all the notes are placed at the end instead of at the foot of the page which is where they ought to be. For me, however, this is not a burden. When notes are put at the end I do not read them and this makes even the longest book slightly shorter.

A. J. P. Taylor

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Sermon cricket is a pastime which I think deserves a wider following. The basic idea is to count runs and wickets from the umpiring signals given by the unsuspecting preacher. Four runs are counted for a horizontal sweep of the arm. Six for both arms raised above the shoulders, a wide for both arms horizontally extended, a leg bye for a tap on the knee and, of course, one short for scratching the back of his neck. A wicket is counted every time the forefinger is raised in the appropriate gesture. – *Canterbury Diocesan Notes* (James R. Jump)

☐ In the armorial bearings recently granted to the Borough Council of North Warwickshire a hovering kestrel was included in the shield to denote the importance of the area's situation between the M1 and the M6 and its accessibility from other motorways in the midlands. – Letter in *Daily Telegraph* (D. P. Shenkin)

☐ A man clambered out of the Thames along the Kent riverbank opposite Grays last week soaked to the skin. He was in an exhausted condition and told Kent police: 'I had to get away from Essex – it's full of murderers.' – *Thurrock Gazette* (T. H. Markham)

☐ 'I am not against comprehensive education but I want it within the grammar school framework,' Councillor Stirrup explained. – *Warrington Guardian* (Chas White)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mervyn Jones

Crown Territory

Draw a line across England, passing just south of Birmingham, Coventry, Derby and Nottingham. Draw another line from Kendal to the Yorkshire coast at Whitby. Take in a strip of North Wales. Thus you define the territory where they play a very special, very proud game – crown green bowling. There can be no other game with such a large following (some 20,000 club members) which is never played in London, and never in any foreign or Commonwealth country.

If throwing or hitting a ball through the air is a natural feature of human play, it may be granted that propelling a ball along the ground is another. There are, in fact, four games involving this action. There's ten-pin or alley bowling, which boomed some ten years ago under American influence but hasn't kept its peak popularity. There's the French game of *boule*, gradually becoming a cult among people who cook everything with garlic and have houses in the Dordogne. There's flat green bowling, which you may see gentlemen in blazers and white flannels playing in, for instance, Bournemouth. And there's crown green, the game of the men (and some women) whose toil and skill over the past 200 years have kept Britain going. That's how they see it, anyway. True, the game isn't played in Scotland, South Wales or Tyneside. But the qualities it demands are those of the miner, the foundryman, the engineer: the keen eye, the sure judgment, the canny shrewdness, the reflective building on experience.

Lancashire is the most hallowed home of crown green bowling and has won the county championship (ten counties compete) 16 times since the last war, which must be some compensation for not doing the same in cricket. The Mecca of the game, suitably enough, is Blackpool, where the big events take place on the ground belonging to the Waterloo Hotel. But just at present the Midlands are on top. The individual champion this year is Ron Edkins, a Birmingham postman. Over a pint, he told me that he attributes his success to being able to finish work early and get on the green every afternoon. The runner-up was Cliff Bordley, a Coventry engineer. Accordingly, the match I attended was the Midland Masters' Tournament.

It's held on the ground belonging to Mitchell and Butler, the long-established Birmingham brewers (now, alas, a subsidiary of Bass Charrington). Bowling and beer are closely associated. Soft, persistent rain has been falling ever since play began, and the clubhouse bar is well filled as soon as it opens. Ron Edkins, a pink-faced man of 42 who bears an intriguing resemblance to William Miller, my publisher, is plump to the verge of being fat. 'It's the beer that does it,' he admits. 'But I'm a crown green man, so that's it.' Bowling and betting are linked, too. I meet a bookie who says he expects to take £300 today, and it could be more but for the rain. You can place bets at any time, even during a game.

I'm taken in tow by Eddie Elson, a universal miller in the Alvis toolroom at Coventry who functions (for expenses only) as secretary of the British Crown Green Bowling Association. First he introduces me to Tony Poole, a Shropshire man, who won three championships last year and pulled in a total of £1,800 in prize money – a treble which, Eddie admiringly says, beats all records. Tony, who is 36, expresses the view that the right age for a good bowler is the mid-forties. 'A young 'un can get the knack,' he explains, 'but it takes time to get the temperament. Time passes, you get calmer within yourself.'

Indeed, I don't see any youngsters among either players or spectators. Many of the men wear faded cloth caps, of the kind supplied by TV wardrobe departments for serials about the general strike and the depression; others confront the rain with battered fishing hats. Nothing seems to have changed for a long time in the crown green world, except that – as Ray Weston, who has been preparing the greens since 1950, points out with asperity – the beer has deteriorated. Eddie also tells me that there's trouble with the woods (you don't say 'the balls'). Woods are traditionally made from the lignum vitae, a tree which grows in Africa and the West Indies. But some government or other, according to Eddie, has imposed restrictions on cutting. Players cherish their woods – Tony says that he wouldn't let them go for a fortune. Woods nowadays are made out of composition'; it isn't the same, everyone agrees.

I'm confused at first by the fact that five games are in progress on the same green. Woods criss-cross at every possible angle, and there's no particular time for starting a new game. This is all part of the art, Eddie says. You have to know how to shut out the other four games, and allow no one to exist for you except your opponent.

The player who wins the toss bowls the jack (smaller than a wood) to the part of the green that he selects. He bowls a wood, then his opponent has a turn, then each bowls the second wood. If your wood is closer to the jack than either of your opponent's woods, you score one. If both your woods are closer than either of your opponent's, you score two. Then the process is repeated. The winner is the first man to score 21.

The wood has a bias, which you can use to deflect it either to left or right by the cunning use of finger or thumb. This is also true in flat green bowling. But what makes the southern game simple, unsubtle and pitiably uninteresting (according to crown green men, of course) is that the green is *flat*. The crown green is humped in the middle – hence the name. Not only this, but it's a complex of little hills, valleys and slopes, too gentle to be visible to a standing man but vital to the path of the wood. Every green, like every golf course, is unique. A man who knows the green ultimately – 'feels its weight', as they say – has a considerable advantage. Several times, I watch a wood which appears destined to miss the jack by a good ten yards. Magically, it curves in and comes to rest within inches, or even achieves 'a toucher'.

We concentrate on watching Cliff Bordley, who is playing against a white-haired Staffordshire man called Joe Hopkins. Hopkins manages something very close to a toucher, but it's his first wood and Cliff succeeds in knocking it on. However, in the next end (the next round, the ignorant would say) Hopkins wins. This gives him the right to bowl the jack. He places it well into the green and this disconcerts Cliff, who prefers to have the jack in a corner. Hopkins gets a steady run of jack-bowling and takes a lead of nine to five. Then Cliff scores a point with a nifty in-swinger, and goes on to score two three times in succession. 'He's putting it together now, Brenda love,' Eddie says approvingly to Mrs Bordley. Sure enough, Cliff wins by 21 to 14.

'Let's get inside,' Eddie suggests with relief. There's no official lunch-hour and play continues all day, but by now there are far more people in the bar than on or round the greens. Ray, the groundsman, insists on getting the drinks (Mitchell and Butler's Brew XI). Eddie buys the next round. Then we're joined by Jeff Nuttall, a stalwart of the Warwickshire team. Quite some time passes before I'm allowed to chalk anything up to the NS.

'I brought my brother-in-law along the other week,' Jeff relates. 'It's a kid's game, he says. All right, I said, I'll give you a start of 15 for a quid. Beat him 21-15. That means he didn't win a single end, see, just his handicap. Kid's game, my arse – sorry, ladies.'

Stories follow of how flat green champions have dared to attempt the crown green game and failed wretchedly. It seems that there's a standing offer, with a kitty of £250, for crown green men to challenge flat green men at their own game. 'They know all about it, but they'll never take it up,' Eddie declares. In the talk about the flat green bowlers, all the contempt of the northerly half of England for the effete, languid south comes uppermost. I'm urged pressingly to go to Blackpool on 1 October for the Champion of Champions Tournament, played for £2,800 in prize money and the Tom Thumb Trophy (the sponsors are John Player's Ltd, makers of Tom Thumb cigars). 'Ah, you'll see what bowling really is.'

Crown green is the oldest game anyway, Jeff asserts. It must be, because it goes back to Sir Francis Drake. I demur – Drake was a Devon man, couldn't he have been playing on the flat? 'Ah, but what did he say? "Must finish the game, and see to the Armada after." So it must have been crown green. If it'd been flat green, he'd have said: "Ah, never mind, chuck it".'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First Person

Arthur Marshall

Minor Adjustments

Is there somewhere in Whitehall, perhaps in an off-shoot of the Department of the Environment (of all meaningless and loony descriptions, surely the looniest), a group of devoted government workers, knee-deep in cups of tea and MBEs and surrounded by *Chambers*, whose task it is to dream up the least suitable name possible for whatever new feature of life may come along? They started strongly way back with the invention of DUAL CARRIAGEWAY, presumably meaning roads down which only hackney-carriages, or vehicles let out for hire, may travel two abreast. Whoever now connects 'carriage' with anything but a train or a typewriter or a tightly-corsetted lady ('She has a very fine carriage')? The two words (the Americans opted sensibly for DIVIDED HIGHWAY) have the ring of a sedate and upper-crust Edwardian couple living in comfortable circumstances in Kent ('. . . the occasion being graced by the presence of Sir Dual and Lady Carriageway').

Then what of SOFT VERGES? 'Verge' is hopelessly antiquated except in the sense of 'I am on the verge of going right off my nut'. Why not CRUMBLY SHOULDERS? And with verges, allied to soft, there is the added danger of over-exciting any hot-blooded male Frenchman abroad and on our roads, the word verges being all too close to the seductive *vierges* of which every frog worth his salt dreams. Whoever is responsible for all this idiocy came a good old cropper a few years ago with, at roundabouts, the word YIELD which, although somehow redolent of romantic fiction ('Yield to me, Blanche'), meant really nothing to anybody and which had to give way to, indeed, GIVE WAY, an activity that ladies recently widowed are always being urged not to indulge in ('My dear, you *mustn't* give way').

There is, however, one sign that combines total clarity with the utmost in the way of unhelpfulness. It is the one that warns of danger ahead and announces that the road down which you are happily bowling is liable, at a moment known only to God, to subside beneath your wheels and, presumably, plunge you down into a crevasse or a disused mine-shaft or some abandoned sewers or drains. What, I always wonder, are we supposed to do on sighting this alarming piece of information? Stop, backtrack and take that B road round through Chumley Bottom? Proceed forwards with the greatest caution, eyes peeled for cracking, heaving tarmac? Or drive as fast as the car allows, to reduce the time spent on the road and thereby lessen the risk, remembering that mathematicians inform us that, at infinity speed, the car would never actually be on the road at all? The notice is, I suspect, a legal safeguard by the crafty local council, enabling them to say a haughty 'But we told you so' when your mini is wrong side up and twenty feet down and you are still trying to extract Cousin Madge, in considerable disarray, from the back seat. During the subsequent attempt to obtain damages, one can picture all too clearly the unspeakably irritating legal shenanigans in court: 'How came you to be on this road when you had received a clear warning of its danger?' I can see it all. The magistrate's head reproachfully waggling. The wry jokes about damages ('the only damages I shall mention here are those sustained, ha-ha, by your cousin Madge') and then the local newspapers' accounts – 'alleged author on serious charge'.

My first experience of what seemed at the time like twaddle official instructions came in North Devon when I was quite young. After bathing in the icy-cold rock pools for which Ilfracombe is famous, I could locate no lavatory by the sea-shore and so, on my way back to my grandparents' house, I nipped into a Gentlemen's conveniently situated at the cross-roads. As I was about to re-emerge, I found myself confronted by a large notice which said KINDLY ADJUST YOUR DRESS BEFORE LEAVING. Dress? What dress? Only women wore dresses. Was it possible that, blinded by physical demands, I had darted by mistake into the Ladies'? A moment's anxiety and then I remembered the splashy stalls that I had left and, remembering too the fact that ladies sat down, breathed again. The introductory word 'Kindly' was very off-putting. Whenever it was directed at one, it spelt trouble: 'Kindly behave yourself.' 'Kindly remember where you are.' And the word 'adjust' was a problem. How could anybody adjust a dress? You just put the thing on and it hung there, for better or for worse. Totally perplexed, I scuttled hurriedly out and made for home.

Never learning from experience, it was my practice to air puzzlements and ask for guidance when we were all gathered together at tea-time. My grandfather, being a clergyman, seemed to me to be ideally placed for providing Guidance, spiritual or purely practical as the need might be. And so, taking courage and deciding to overlook the fact that anything in any way connected with lavatories was considered to be indelicate, I popped my question, struggling for a hearing against the general scrunching sounds made by cucumber sandwiches being loudly bitten into and softened up for their final slithering down the red lane. There was, as usual, some little difficulty in making myself understood, and when understood I was not, again as usual, a popular figure. Amid all the frownings and tut-tuttings, nobody, of course, volunteered an explanation but later a kind uncle showed himself to be in agreement and promised to write to the town council and suggest that the notice should be changed to read BEFORE LEAVING PLEASE ENGAGE ALL TROUSER BUTTONS SECURELY AND RETURN HANDS TO NORMAL POSITION. He may, I see now, have been joking.

But oh dear, I must stop talking about such classy comestibles as cucumber sandwiches (they ought, clearly, to have been jam butties, or whatever) for I see from our correspondence columns that I am in trouble with a Mr Goldman of Beaconsfield for having, in my youth, saved up my not very extensive pocket-money in order to hoard a pound of it with which to go to a matinée in London. The £1 represented in those days, as he rightly, if *reprovingly, points out, two thirds of an* average working man's wage packet but, struggle as I may, I cannot see how this information, in no way novel, is relevant. Ought I to have abandoned my trip and pressed my pound on to the first road-mender I came across? Ought I now, at this late stage, to be devoured by guilt?

But cheer up, Mr Goldman! Financial considerations now make it quite impossible for me, and other semi-retired and unacceptably middle-class persons of my sort, to travel to London for pleasure (£17 return), munch a meal for two in a restaurant (£12) and go to a theatre (£4). The outlay is beyond our range, though it seems to me that, with prudent budgeting and saving, these pleasures are now occasionally, and very rightly, possible for what Mr Goldman chooses to call working men. So, you see, the story has a happy ending after all.

This America

☐ In the category of good intentions gone awry, the Communications Workers of America cites the case of a woman of Japanese extraction in Alabama who was passed over for promotion because she was not considered to belong to a minority. The reason, said CWA administrative official John Morgan, is that there are too few Japanese women in Alabama to constitute a minority group. – *International Herald Tribune* (M. R. Jordan)

Going on holiday?

To ensure continuity you may send us your holiday address(es) and we will post copies of the NEW STATESMAN to you wherever you may be. Please give us 10 days' notice and send appropriate remittance.

Any address in the UK: 25p per copy
Any address abroad, by air: 30p per copy.
Subscribers may take advantage of this service at no extra cost.

Holiday Address Dept
NEW STATESMAN
Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ
(405 8471)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

The Great Australian Emptiness

Sir, We know that this is the English silly season, when the politicians are not helping editors to fill their columns but you could have done better than to fill so many of them (NS 5 August) with Michael Dean's selective, generalised and padded-out diatribe against Australia. As well as Jubilee Year, it seems that it is also 'Knock Australia' Year as John Osborne, too, had a go in the *Guardian* recently. The fact is that if you take any country or society and pick at the pickable, you can write an article or letter, of any length, purporting to be an authoritative analysis, convincing to the uninitiated or reinforcing to the prejudiced. Dean, like Osborne, did just this. Having lived through the Jubilee junketings in England this summer, it wouldn't be hard for us to paint a picture of a class-biased society, gulled by media myth-making and totally irrelevant to the late 20th century and sell it to some journal overseas to fill empty columns in *their* summer. However, should English society be judged by the foolish obsequiousness of these months?

Australia, like Britain, is a capitalist society and both countries have internalised acquisitiveness. Both countries place much emphasis on sport. The origins of this, here linked with the English public school ethic, are too involved to go into but try getting much other than sport on TV or radio in Sydney *or* London on a Saturday afternoon. Moreover, thinking people in both countries realise they cannot maintain a place at the top in sport while some nations equate 'gold' with political/international prestige.

Of course there are deplorable racial attitudes in Australia just as there are here. However, the Tasmanian genocide of the Australian Aborigine is 100 years old. The rising black power in Australia, as epitomised in the Aboriginal 'embassy' on the lawns at Canberra, is of this decade. But one example doesn't make a case. It would be equally unfair to tell of a recent experience in a shop in England when we asked where our film was to be processed as we did not want it to go to Grunwick. We were told first we were 'thug lovers' and then, when we reasoned, that conditions of work were always bad when there was a 'wog' in charge as they always treated their own especially badly.

There is just enough truth for plausibility in Dean's assertion that Australian spending on education is less than in other comparable countries. This was of course under 23 years of right-wing rule prior to 1972. Bearing in mind that such figures are highly complex and need careful breaking down, (do they include, as in Britain, school dinners?) it would have been fair to mention that the 1972 Whitlam government pumped some $100m. into the school system which largely redressed the balance and which Fraser hasn't been able to do much about. The magnificent school libraries remain, and so does free tertiary education, among other things.

In most societies, say some theorists, stratification is inevitable. In Britain, one of its manifestations is the affected upper middle class accent (like the Queen's). In Australia, true linguists know there are *three* varieties of speech, neither class nor region linked. Status there may be exhibited by larger consumer goods like cars, boats and houses. Does this make Australians more materialistic than the British? And that old chestnut about the social inferiority of women should be played out. These inequalities occur in all societies because systems are based on coercion and exploitation but women's rights are as keenly espoused there as here.

Dean condemns the Australian press. It is bad and it *is* capitalistic. Even the *National Times*, well written and crusading, is right of centre and there is nothing on Sundays to compare with the two British quality papers. However, the daily papers are no worse than some of the British: the *Daily Mirror* and the *Sun* have their Sydney namesakes. Commercial TV there is not more Americanised than the British (though the ads there, it must be admitted, are not as witty as here) but it is simply no truer to say that the ABC is largely unwatched than to say the same about the BBC: both channels are watched by similar viewers in their respective countries and both have been subject to attack under the guise of 'economics'.

Dean also quotes Donald Horne's *The Lucky Country* but does not disclose that it was first published in the early 1950s and that Horne has since then moved from an extreme right to a much more left position and his *Death of the Lucky Country*, written after the Fraser coup of 1975, has gone into many editions and spearheaded, under Horne's leadership, a strong republican movement which probably did much to bring about Sir John Kerr's recent resignation.

On the subject of Australian writers, Patrick White has long been venerated and valued at home, both as a writer and a humanitarian. To our knowledge his work is and has been, used in schools and universities (what does Dean mean by 'the' syllabus – there are six state systems and many private schools?). Since the early days, the country has produced writers and poets (we are glad he appreciates A. D. Hope) in abundance and of high quality. Many of them, like Tom Kenneally, got started with government grants and literary awards as well as other state support (as with the current Australian film industry). If many Australian artists take a spell overseas, this is now largely a geographical necessity (like sabbatical leave). The proximity of other cultures in the Western tradition is very necessary. And how much British creative talent has gravitated to the New World to find its stimulations, financial and cultural? Many native Australian writers do remain at home and are therefore little known on this side: Xavier Herbert, the writer, for one. The comparatively small population of Australian (13¾ million) cannot sustain the talent that a country like the US can. Do Canada, South Africa, New Zealand? And the joke about Australian police corruption has a hollow ring, this summer, in England of all places. This is a phenomenon of our time, everywhere. A positive, in fact, because at last a cleansing is going on.

No, it all amounts to this: you simply cannot write one set of truths about any one country unless you humbly and honestly append a note that it *is* a subjective selective hotch-potch. The alternative is to specialise or be scientific and use research methods. Otherwise, the uninformed might believe they are reading the Gospel instead of one journalist's jaundiced eye-view.

ROSE & ALF LEAF

3 Chantry Close
Windsor, Berks.

Queen of the Prots

Sir, May I thank you for your leader of 12 August – the first piece of fair-mindedness about Northern Ireland to come from the

About Oxford books

Isaac Deutscher

Isaac Deutscher died ten years ago today. He was 'the greatest of Marxist historians apart from Trotsky and from Marx himself', as Alasdair McIntyre wrote when he reviewed **The Non-Jewish Jew** in *New Society*. Deutscher's three-volume life of Trotsky, and his biography of Stalin, have become classics, and must be read by anyone who hopes to understand the history of communism.

The Prophet Armed
Trotsky 1897-1921

The Prophet Unarmed
Trotsky 1921-1929

The Prophet Outcast
Trotsky 1929-1940

'Mr Deutscher does full justice to his hero. He tells his story magnificently.' Leonard Schapiro in *The Listener.* 'His trilogy handles one of the great themes of twentieth-century history in a worthy manner. It is admirably documented. But the three volumes are more than a "standard work". They are also a work of art in their own right.' Christopher Hill in the *Oxford Magazine.* 'Surely this must be counted among the greatest biographies in the English language.' Graham Greene in *The Observer.* £2.25 each
Oxford Paperbacks

Stalin
A Political Biography

'Cool, reflective, with plenty of historical perspective and illuminating analogies . . . an important and fascinating work.' *Financial Times* £3.45
Galaxy Books

The Great Contest
Russia and the West

'I know of no other book which gives in such a small space so clear a picture of the Russia of today and of tomorrow with all its faults and its immense progress.' Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart in the *Glasgow Herald* 90p

Ironies of History
Essays on Contemporary Communism

'Superb journalistic commentaries . . . a brilliant analysis of Soviet society: paradoxical, enjoyable, readable, stimulating and infuriating.' Harry Hanak in the *Slavonic and East European Review* £2.60

The Unfinished Revolution
Russia 1917-1967

'In every way a remarkable and masterly book.' *The TLS* £1.20 *Galaxy Books*

The Non-Jewish Jew

'If we can be reminded by his last book of the price we may yet have to pay or to watch others pay for our failure to match the sociology of class with an adequate sociology of race, we shall have yet further reason for gratitude.' Alasdair McIntyre in *New Society* £2.25

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

British press for a long time. As one born and brought up in the Unionist tradition, but now holding different views as a result of a long life lived happily in Ireland, I can only hope that your views will carry some weight in moulding public opinion in the United Kingdom. Sadly, however, I fear that you are a voice crying in a wilderness of prejudice and closed minds.

Allow me one criticism; you speak of Catholics and Protestants when you mean Nationalists and Unionists. The issue in Northern Ireland is, of course, constitutional, not religious. By drawing the religious distinction, you do a disservice to many honourable Irishmen of both religious persuasions.

H. MURDOCK

26 Nutley Park
Dublin

Patriotism and Nationalism

Sir, Fred Inglis asks (NS 12 August) what a socialist party in Britain should say about patriotism. For the record, the Socialist Party of Great Britain would say that pride in 'your' country when you do not own a square inch of it is absurd. This is a view we have adhered to consistently. Unlike the left-wing parties we did not fall prey to patriotism at the time of the second (or for that matter the first) world war, nor have we substituted for the home-grown variety a purblind support for nationalist movements in Vietnam, Cuba or anywhere else.

Mr Inglis of course wishes to distinguish between patriotism and nationalism. Naturally, since I'm a patriot, you're a nationalist and he's a jingoist. In place of such special pleading we shall continue to argue for internationalism, for the view that the perennial problems facing workers in Britain, Germany or Russia, and the fact of their having to sell their mental and physical energies, are more important than the traditions which separate them. That at least must be understood if we are to have any hope of a less deadly future.

BILL VALINAS
General Secretary.
Socialist Party of Great Britain
52 Clapham High Street,
London SW4

Sir, For Fred Inglis, 'patriotism' appears to be a loyalty to an established state. In a mature and adult world people should be free to operate politically on behalf of those things they feel strongly about. Thus we are Cornish nationalists and we take pride in attempting to preserve and promote our identity, our own Cornish language. Personally I do not see that 'British' nationalism is valid – the words 'Britain', 'British' being used, like the Union Jack flag, as a sort of cover-up for a variety of nationalisms. 'Nationalism' I regard as a healthy manifestation. Strong internationalist feelings must be built up on healthy and vital nationalisms.

Kernow bys vyken (Cornwall for ever),
JAMES WHETTER
Chairman, Cornish Nationalist Party
Trelispen, Gorran,
St Austell, Kernow

Silent Echo

Sir, Only their present beleaguered state can explain the reaction of the three North of England Newspaper Company executives (Letters 12 August) to an article which tried to explore the journalistic traditions shared at Darlington by striker and non-striker alike.

To take them in their published order, far from doubting contributions from readers as Brian Nicholls suggests, I went out of my way to praise the *Echo*'s 'splendid' correspondence column. What worried me about the conversation I had with him was that he seemed to be suggesting that a newspaper could survive and indeed prosper with more contributions from its readers at the expense of those from its reporters. My point was and is that the reputation the *Echo* built up both regionally and nationally for campaigning journalism, under both Harold and Don Evans, would have been impossible without a strong team of enthusiastic reporters. To turn to Don Evans's own letter, I would point out that I do not regard 'radical' as synonymous with left-wing and I am not suggesting he should start recruiting his reporters from the *Yorkshire Miner* instead of *The Lady*. What I was suggesting was that a newspaper can ill afford to do without the idealism and genuine concern for their craft that I found on the Darlington picket line. To Mr Wedgewood I can only offer my apologies that my memory of the *Echo* of the Fifties played me false – perhaps it was the sort of typography that somehow suggested front page advertisements!

JOHN MAPPLEBECK
17 Belle Grove Terrace
Spital Tongues
Newcastle-on-Tyne

House Purchase Hurdles

Sir, Mr Ian Hyman (Letters 5 August) may care to know that the British Legal Association, which represents many solicitors throughout England and Wales, is investigating the Scottish system of conveyancing, involving tendering in writing for property normally advertised in newspapers. We are also considering the Property Centres set up by Scottish solicitors where intending purchasers may consult a register containing details of houses for sale. By this means the vendor saves the fees of the estate agent the largest single expense in a conveyancing transaction.

However, one has to remember that the law in Scotland is different from that south of the border and that whatever system is used it cannot, mainly because of the complications of existing titles to properties and the plethora of statute law which pours forth from Parliament every year, ever be possible to make the conveyancing of a house as simple as buying a pound of tea and, at the same time, as certain as any houseowner will want to be in regard to the most expensive purchase he makes in a lifetime.

S. B. BEST
British Legal Association
64 Highgate High Street
London N6

Praise for Poe

Sir, I must say that Kingsley Amis's review of *The Edgar Allan Poe Scrapbook* (NS 5 August) is Amis amiss indeed on Poe generally. The poem 'To Helen' which he derogates has been one of the most influential in American literature (world, for that matter) and especially for American poets. In general, Poe did even more than Jules Verne in setting the poetic basis for science fiction and, although Amis has himself a good time with Mr Haining's opus, American criticism of Poe has almost invariably deferred to his (Poe's) seminal genius not only in poetry but in the evocation of fictional fantasy on a par, at the least with that of Mary Shelley.

CHARLES A. WAGNER
Executive Secretary,
The Poetry Society of America
52 Lower Sloane Street
London SW1

KINGSLEY AMIS writes: From the state of American literature, especially poetry, I can well believe that 'To Helen' had an important influence on it. 'Setting the poetic basis for science fiction' and 'the evocation of fictional fantasy' are chunks of verbiage characteristic of American criticism, which I can well believe has almost invariably deferred to Poe's seminal genius. I thought it was clear from my review, by the way, that Mr Haining had produced a compilation, not an opus, but Mr Wagner probably thinks 'opus' is a smart synonym for 'book' or 'effort' or 'stuff'.

Humphrey Jennings

Sir, **I am working on the papers of my father the late Humphrey Jennings, film director, painter and writer (1907-1950). I should be most grateful if any of your readers who worked with him or knew him or who possess original material would write to me. Any papers sent to me would, of course, be copied and returned.**

MARY-LOU CLARKE
5 Ravenscourt Square
London W6

F.S.P.

Sir, Archie Gwynne-Browne's masterpiece (London Diary, 12 August) was *F.S.P.* (Field Security Police), not E.S.P. which I suppose stands for Extra-Sensory Perception.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Undeterred

Sir, Congratulations on not editing but just printing John Abrey's letter (NS 29 July). Surely, however, he must be an *agent provocateur*? No real supporter of any cause could possibly intend to do as much damage to it as that letter must inevitably do to the NAFF.

The essence of Mr Abrey's argument appears to be that, to judge from 'part of the article attacking John Gouriet', all we NS readers are necessarily the same people as he has found distasteful. His description of your female readers (why them? isn't that going out on a limb?) does a lot to make one wonder, however, whether the word 'decency' means very much to him. I am pleased to add, since you 'draw your strength from evil', that I have recently renewed my subscription to the NS. Even the Letters pages are quite funny sometimes.

CHARLES DUCE
Kaakonojantie 67
Valkeakoski
Finland

Cats and Dr Johnson

Sir, All that glib ad-libbing will be the death of A. J. P. Taylor (London Diary, 12 August). Sure, cats make cheaper chums than women or dogs but Johnson not only told Boswell that he 'had had cats whom I liked better than' the immortal Hodge but volunteered to him further that 'if you call a dog Hervey, I shall love him'. A pity perhaps that such a *ménage à trois* was never tried.

ALASTAIR FORBES
Firle, near Lewes
Sussex

Rule Rumania

Sir, Our preferred version of the Lupeacu limerick (London Diary, 8 July) is:

Said the beautiful Magda Lupescu,
Having come to Rumania's rescu:
'It's a wonderful thing
To be under a king.
Is democracy better? I escu.'

MARJORIE COLVIN
CHARLES COLVIN
Villa Bonheur
Lorgues
France

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Clive James

The Left-Handed Gun

Matters of Fact and Fiction: Essays 1973-1976 by GORE VIDAL *Heinemann* £6

Nobody dissents from marking Gore Vidal high as an essayist, not even those – especially not those – who would like to mark him low as a novelist. His *Collected Essays 1952-1972* was rightly greeted with all the superlatives going. Since one doesn't have to read far in this new volume before realising that the old volume has been fully lived up to and in some respects even surpassed, it becomes necessary either to wheel out the previous superlatives all over again or else to think up some new ones. Rejecting both courses, this reviewer intends to pick nits and make gratuitous observations on the author's character, in the hope of maintaining some measure of critical independence. Gore Vidal is so dauntingly good at the literary essay that he is likely to arouse in other practitioners an inclination to take up a different line of work. That, however, would be an excessive reaction. He isn't omniscient, infallible or effortlessly stylish – he just knows a lot, possesses an unusual amount of common sense and writes scrupulously lucid prose. There is no need to deify the man just because he can string a few thoughts together. As I shall now reveal, he has toenails of clay.

Always courageous about unfolding himself, Vidal sometimes overcooks it. He is without false modesty but not beyond poor-mouthing himself to improve a point. 'The bad movies we made 20 years ago are now regarded in altogether too many circles as important aspects of . . .' But wait a minute. It might remain a necessary task to point out that the nuttier film-buffs are no more than licensed illiterates: the ability to carry out a semiotic analysis of a Nicholas Ray movie is undoubtedly no compensation for being incapable of parsing a simple sentence. But some of those bad movies were, after all, quite good. Vidal himself had his name writ large on both *The Left-Handed Gun* and *The Best Man*, neither of which is likely to be forgotten. It suits his purposes, however, to pretend that he was a dedicated candy-butcher. He wants to be thought of as part of the hard-bitten Hollywood that produced the adage: 'Shit has its own integrity.'

As a Matter of Fact, Vidal rarely set out to write rubbish: he just got mixed up with a few pretentious projects that went sour. Summarising, in the first of these essays, the Top Ten Best Sellers, Vidal makes trash hilarious. But there is no need for him to pretend that he knows trash from the inside. He was always an outsider in that regard: the point he ought to make about himself is that he never had what it took to be a Hollywood hack. It was belief, not cynicism, that lured him to write screenplays. Even quite recently he was enthusiastically involved in a mammoth project called *Gore Vidal's Caligula*, once again delivering himself into the hands of those commercial forces which would ensure that the script ended up being written by Caligula's Gore Vidal.

Yet you can see what he is getting at. Invention, however fumbling, must always be preferred over aridity, however high-flown. In all the essays dealing with Matters of Fiction, Vidal is constantly to be seen paying unfeigned attention to the stories second-rate writers are trying to tell. His contempt is reserved for the would-be first-raters obsessed with technique. For the less exalted scribes honestly setting about their grinding chores, his sympathy is deep even if his wit is irrepressible. Quoting a passage from Herman Wouk, he adds: 'This is not at all bad, except as prose.' Taken out of context, this might seem a destructive crack, but when you read it in its proper place there is no reason to think that the first half of the sentence has been written for the sole purpose of making the second half funny.

If this were not a nit-picking exercise we would be bound to take notice of Vidal's exemplary industry. He has actually sat down and read, from front to back, the gigantic novels by John Barth and Thomas Pynchon for which the young professors make such claims. Having done so, he is in a position to give a specific voice to the general suspicion which the academic neo-theologians have aroused in the common reader's mind. Against their religious belief in The Novel, Vidal insists that there is no such thing – there are only novels. In this department, as in several others, Vidal is the natural heir of Edmund Wilson, whose *The Fruits of the MLA* was the opening salvo in the long campaign, which we will probably never see the end of, to rescue literature from its institutionalised interpreters.

But Wilson is not Vidal's only ancestor. Several cutting references to Dwight Macdonald are a poor reward for the man whose devastating essay 'By Cozzens Possessed' (collected in *Against the American Grain*) was the immediate forerunner of everything Vidal has done in this particular field. It would be a good thing if Vidal, normally so forthcoming about his personal history, could be frank about where he considers himself to stand in relation to other American critical writers. In his introductory note to this book there is mention of Sainte-Beuve; in a recent interview given to the *New York Times* there was talk about Montaigne; but among recent essayists, now that Wilson is gone, Vidal seems to find the true critical temperament only among 'a few elderly Englishmen'. Yet you have only to think of people like Macdonald or Mary McCarthy or Elizabeth Hardwick to see that if Vidal is *primus* it is only *inter pares*: there is an American critical tradition, going back to Mencken and beyond, which he is foolish to imagine can be disowned. This is the only respect in which Vidal seems shy of being an American, and by no coincidence it is the only respect in which he ever sounds provincial.

Otherwise his faults, like his virtues, are on a world scale. In the Matters of Fact, which occupy the second part of the book, the emphasis is on the corrupting influence of power and money. Born into the American ruling class, Vidal is as well placed as Louis Auchincloss (about whom he writes appreciatively) to criticise its behaviour. He is angrily amusing about West Point, Robert Moses, ITT, the Adams dynasty and the grand families in general. Indeed it is only about Tennessee Williams and Lord Longford that he is *un*angrily funny – for the most part his humour about Matters of Fact is sulphuric. There is no question of Vidal's sincerity in loathing what he calls the Property Party. On the other hand he is a trifle disingenuous in allowing us to suppose that all connections have been severed between himself and the ruling class. Certainly he remains on good terms with the ruling class of Britain – unless Princess Margaret has become as much of an intellectual exile from the British aristocracy as he has from the American.

As a Matter of Fact, Gore Vidal is a Beautiful Person who chooses his drawing-rooms with care. He hobnobs with the rich and powerful. He hobnobs also with the talented, but they tend to be those among the talented who hobnob with the rich and powerful. He likes the rich and powerful as a class. He hates some of them as individuals and attacks them with an invective made all the more lacerating by inside knowledge. For that we can be grateful. But we can also wish that his honesty about his own interior workings might extend to his thirst for glamour. Speaking about Hollywood, he is an outsider who delights to pose as an insider. Speaking about the ruling class, he is an insider who delights to pose as an outsider. In reality he is just as active a social butterfly as his arch-enemy Truman Capote. But in Vidal's case the sin is venial, not mortal, since his writings remain comparatively unruffled by the social whirl, whereas Capote has become a sort of court dwarf, peddling a brand of thinly fictionalised tittle-tattle which is really sycophancy in disguise. Vidal reserves that sort of thing for after hours.

Yet even with these nits picked, it must still be said that Vidal is an outstanding writer on political issues. 'The State of the Union', the last essay in the book, is so clear an account of what has been happening in America that it sounds commonplace, until you realise that every judgment in it has been hard won from personal experience. Only one of its assumptions rings false, and even there you can see his reasons. Vidal still assumes that any heterosexual man is a culturally repressed bisexual. This idea makes a good basis for polemical assault on sexual intolerance, but as a Mat-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter of Fact it is Fiction. As it happens, I have met Gore Vidal in the flesh. The flesh looked immaculately preserved. In a room well supplied with beautiful and brilliant women, he was as beautiful as most and more brilliant than any. I was not impervious to his charm. But I examined myself in vain for any sign of physical excitement. He might say that I was repressing my true nature but the real reason was simpler. It was just that he was not a female.

Not even Gore Vidal is entirely without self-delusion. On the whole, though, he is among the most acute truth-tellers we possess. Certainly he is the most entertaining. The entertainment arises naturally from his style – that perfectly disciplined, perfectly liberated English which constitutes all by itself a decisive answer to the Hacks of Academe. Calling them 'the unlearned learned teachers of English' and 'the new barbarians, serenely restoring the Dark Ages', he has only to quote their prose against his and the case is proved. A pity, then, that on page 260 there is a flagrant (well, all right: barely noticeable) grammatical error. 'Journalists who know quite as much or more than I about American politics . . .' is not good grammar. There is an 'as' missing. But the other 281 scintillating pages of error-free text go some way towards making up for its loss.

Alan Ryan

Englanditis

The Future That Doesn't Work: Social Democracy's Failures in Britain edited by Emmett Tyrell Jr *Doubleday* £3.50

The Future that Doesn't Work is a frightful disappointment. After all, a book that comes with Malcolm Muggeridge's recommendation as an 'expert and lively' inquiry into the 'decline and fall of my unfortunate country' ought to be a notable contribution to the silly season. It starts well, with one of Peregrine Worsthorne's splendidly loony contributions to political-sociology-for-readers-of-the-*Telegraphs*. This offers a very engaging insight into the *vie intérieure* of the editor of the *Sunday Telegraph*, a rich, indeed riotously luxuriant world of apocalyptic fantasy which thrives in total independence of the outside world, a sort of Amazonian micro-climate mysteriously insulated from the cold showers of northern scepticism. Mr Worsthorne's subject is the hegemony of the trades unions, whose spokesmen are everywhere to be seen 'confidently clenching their left fists, resisted by nothing more impressive than the soft under-belly of the bourgeoisie, quivering with guilt and apologising for being rich'. You see the depths we've sunk to when bellies can't quiver quietly any longer.

What gives the trade unions their power is 'a profound sense of moral legitimacy, the like of which is no longer shared by any other institution'. You can see this by looking at the clothes of the delegates to the TUC annual conference – blazers and ties, the symbols of the public-school-trained officer class; how can the long-haired, self-indulgent middle classes resist them? Boring empirical evidence, such as the consistent hostility of even trade unionists to trade union power, is altogether too feeble to counter such a vision. Still, all is not quite lost – 'it is only a matter of time before the cultural worm begins to turn and starts eating away at working-class power and authority.'

But the process needs assistance, and the English are, alas, frightfully handicapped: 'the conservative bourgeoisie suffer from a disadvantage peculiar to Britain. They are, quite simply, much too nice – far nicer than their counterparts on the Continent or in the United States.' Things are better in Europe because the middle class is as ready to embark on civil war as the working class; behind the managing director are the barricades. Whether the pre-war history of Germany and Italy offers a reassuring picture of the uninhibited conservative bourgeoisie in action is the sort of question which haunts what Mr Worsthorne writes but evidently not its writer.

After all this, common sense takes over – well, not entirely, for Harry Schwartz contributes a piece on the decline of the NHS which goes on a great deal about the fact that Americans spend $100 billion a year on their health while the British only spend $7 billion and never once raises the question of whether Americans are four times healthier, or even healthier at all. But James Q. Wilson has a long essay on crime in Britain and the United States, which altogether ignores the volume's supposed purpose of demonstrating that social democracy has brought Britain to the verge of civil war and well over the brink of total economic disaster, and is, in consequence, a sober and quite interesting contribution to the old puzzle of why *some* crimes, especially violent ones, are so much commoner in the United States.

The piece with the greatest contemporary interest is, no doubt, Peter Jay's piece on 'Englanditis'. What it *says* in fact is almost exactly what Sam Brittain's piece on the economic tensions of British democracy says – that postwar governments can't keep up full employment without causing inflation, and worse, that the rate of inflation required to mop up unemployment gets higher in each succeeding trade cycle. It isn't about Englanditis any more than it is about Germanyitis, really; indeed, Italy is the one society diagnosed as a fatal case. However, what is certainly claimed is that the United States is the only society whose unions are too weak to demand wages which persistently price labour too high, and whose public is sufficiently hostile to inflation to ensure that politicians pursue other goals besides full employment. The apocalyptic vision for which our new ambassador has become famous depends, of course, on our assuming that the logic of his simple model of what politicians and voters are after is translated into future activity unmodified by either side learning anything about the consequences of their behaviour. Strategic logic, after all, dictated that the Americans should launch a nuclear strike against the Soviet Union round about 1949; there wasn't a World War III in 1950, and we may yet escape the Big Brotherhood of either Mr Jay or Mr Worsthorne in 1984.

Craig Raine

The Butcher

'And even St George – if Gibbon is correct – wore a top hat once; he was an army contractor and supplied indifferent bacon' – E. M. Forster, *Abinger Harvest.*

Surrounded by sausages, the butcher stands
smoking a pencil like Isambard Kingdom Brunel . . .

He duels with himself and woos his women customers,
offering thin coiled coral necklaces of mince,

heart lamé-ed from the fridge, a leg of pork
like a nasty bouquet, pound notes printed with blood.

He knows all about nudity – the slap and trickle
of blood, chickens stripped to their aertex vests.

He rips the gauze from dead balletic pigs,
and makes the bacon slicer swish its legs.

How the customers laugh! His striped apron
gets as dirty as a mattress in a brothel . . .

At 10, he drinks his tea with the spoon held back,
and the *Great Eastern* goes straight to the bottom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mervyn Jones

Tanks Anyway

'Boney' Fuller: The Intellectual General by ANTHONY JOHN TRYTHALL *Cassell* £6.95

'Boney' was a good nickname. John Frederick Charles Fuller was short in stature, swift and powerful in intellect, restlessly dynamic, irascible, ambitious, boundlessly self-confident. He lacked some of Napoleon's qualities, notably the ability to inspire affection in ordinary men, yet it's not impossible that he might have been England's First Consul or Emperor – had the vacancy existed. Luck seldom favoured Fuller, but it has at least given him an admirable biographer; this book is immensely conscientious, sound in judgment, always readable and in places crackling with wit.

We meet him first as the solitary, introverted son of an already ageing clergyman, unhappy at school, sent *faute de mieux* to Sandhurst. As a subaltern he was too poor to own a horse; he spent his time reading Carlyle and Huxley, despised the other officers, and (so he later wrote) 'took no interest whatever in things military'. After witnessing at first-hand the mismanagement of the Boer War, however, he exploded with a passionate interest in strategic theory and was soon publishing the first of his 45 books and innumerable articles. He saw the limitations of infantry and cavalry in an age of insuperable defensive firepower, which means that he saw what the 1914-18 war would be like. When the stalemate and the slaughter duly appeared, he became the Messiah of the tank. As much as any single man, he invented it; at Heavy Branch Headquarters and then at the War Office, he worked ceaselessly for its use independently, as a surprise weapon, and in mass; and at last he won approval for his 'Plan 1919' which would have been history's first armoured blitzkrieg. The Armistice, forestalling a 1919 campaign, was Fuller's first piece of bad luck.

In the Twenties Colonel Fuller fought for the creation of an 'experimental mechanised force' which would have significantly altered British military doctrine. He met obstinate opposition and came up against the mental inertia of the Army establishment, but in the end he was defeated by his own clumsiness in the art of professional politics. When the War Office did agree to set up the force and give him the command, he refused because the organisational scheme and the terms of his appointment weren't precisely what he had demanded. In other hands, the force was naturally watered down and lost its potential impact. Smoothly, the War Office promoted him to Major-General and offered him Bombay District. This too he refused, as doubtless he was expected to. Mrs Fuller, who was about as tactful as her husband, remarked to the officer who took the job that it was 'only suitable for a nitwit like you'. At the age of 55, after three years on half-pay, Fuller was retired.

He was right about tanks, of course. Guderian, who used them to such devastating effect in 1940, put on record that he had learned the technique from Britain's 'far-sighted soldiers' – Fuller, Liddell Hart and Martel. De Gaulle, who had advanced similar ideas in *The Army of the Future*, said with unusual modesty that Fuller 'was the prophet – we only followed him'. Marshal Timoshenko (in March 1941 – the nick of time) ordered every Red Army officer to read Fuller's books. But, in a much broader sense, Fuller understood how war had changed. He wrote in 1932:

> War will be absolute in the extreme, for whole nations will be besieged . . . It is at the moral and industrial centres that the main blows will be struck . . . Wars will in fact largely become armed propaganda, steel-girt lies, demoralising shells and stink-bombs aimed to shatter the enemy's will.

One of Fuller's dicta is a revealing clue to both his thinking and his personality: 'man himself is an encumbrance on the battlefield.' He often compared tank fighting to naval warfare, and one recalls that many British officers were happiest in the desert battles, where there were no people to get in the way. Interestingly, too, Fuller's one faulty prediction concerned the effect of air raids; he foresaw chaos caused by 'the frantic terror-stricken mobs which will surge through the streets'. In all his writing, contempt for the common people is a *leitmotiv*.

Soon after getting his bowler hat, Fuller joined the British Union of Fascists. He was influenced partly by the expectation of becoming Minister of Defence in a Mosley government, but he was temperamentally well-suited too. When he saw the Spanish civil war from the fascist side, he reported that Franco would win because he had discipline and 'humanity' on his side. When he visited a Nazi concentration camp, he commented that he'd never seen so many degenerates collected together. As late as April 1939 he attended a military parade as Hitler's guest. While the tanks rolled by, Hitler shook hands with Fuller and said: 'I hope you were pleased with your children.'

Marxists (including members of the Young Communist League who tried in vain to become second lieutenants) won't be surprised to know that Fuller was never cold-shouldered when Hitler became the national enemy, although it's reasonable to assume that he would have found a place in a quisling regime. His article about the concentration camps was published *after the outbreak of war*. The day after dining with Mosley, he was the guest of his old friend General Ironside, Chief of the General Staff; Ironside wanted to make Fuller Deputy Chief, a very senior post, and later wrote: 'I am afraid it is impossible. The politicians . . . have full sway.' Fuller had to be content with putting in memoranda and writing for the press. By 1942, improving on his 1931 dictum that a democracy is incapable either of conducting a war properly or of achieving a decent peace, he wrote:

be choosey . . .

. . . choose excellent summer reading from recent books all currently available

novels

Bear Marian Engel £3.50
Trixie Trash, Star Ascending Tom Wakefield £3.95
The Hearing Trumpet Leonora Carrington £3.50
The Dead Father Donald Barthelme £3.95
The Spear of Mistletoe Nigel Frith £4.95

general

When the Riviera was Ours Patrick Howarth *illustrated* £5.95
Hebridean Connection Derek Cooper *illustrated* £4.95
In Memory Long Amy Stewart Fraser £5.50
The Old Songs of Skye Ethel Bassin, edited by Derek Bowman *illustrated* £5.95
Swordsmen of the Screen Jeffrey Richards *illustrated* £8.95

Routledge & Kegan Paul
39, Store Street, London WC1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> In total war a nation can only be fully organised when all freedom is exorcised . . . Logically it follows that all who are incapable of fighting or working should be liquidated.

There was no trouble about this, either. A year later Fuller was contributing articles to the *Evening Standard*, hailed as 'gems' by the then editor, Michael Foot.

He lived to be an old man. The replacement of Nazi power by Communist power over large parts of Europe proved to him, naturally, that he had been right about the unlikelihood of a good peace. In 1956 (admittedly in a private letter, though he was still churning out articles) he wrote: 'Our only possible hope is that Germany will produce another Hitler, and that next time we back him.' A frustrated man, yes; but a strangely impressive and potentially a dangerous one. If Fuller were alive now he would doubtless be thinking, as was his wont, that he'd been right about pretty well everything. 'Great nations decay in peace.' That was what he said in 1923, and I'm sure he would say the same in 1977.

Paul Johnson

Howzzatt?

Who's Who 1977 *Adam & Charles Black* £20

The more often I review *Who's Who*, the less clear I am about what exactly it is for. For instance, we're now at the climax of an interesting cricket season when busy people, you would think, might need it to find out more about the stars who are making the headlines. Are they in? Not on your life. I doubt if many at present need to know much about Frank Edward Woolley, who last wielded his bat a good generation ago; he's there, of course, all 28 lines of him. And there are 18 lines of Leonard Hutton (sorry, Sir Leonard) who last captained England in 1954. But no Boycott or Brearley, Chris Old or Woolmer. Perhaps, you may say, they are too recent. But Alan Knott, who has kept wicket for as long as most of us can remember, is not in; nor is that other senior figure, Underwood. Even the captains don't make it: no Tony Greig, and the present issue went to press before he was disgraced. Who does make it then? Not Trueman, who holds what will probably remain the record for the largest number of Test wickets; nor Jim Laker, the other great phenomenon of post-war English bowling. The only figure of their generation I can find is Alec Bedser (not Eric), and this I imagine is explained by the fact that he is a selector, and thus part of the MCC establishment. Yes: *Who's Who* remains that sort of book.

There are other areas, though, where the criteria of inclusion appear to be fairly straightforward. Inclusion is automatic if a man or woman becomes an MP; or a QC; or the editor of one of the recognised list of national newspapers and magazines. The services go entirely by rank (and certain honours and decorations). Professorships used to mean automatic inclusion but – following Kingsley Amis's dictum that 'more means worse' – are now limited to the better chairs at the better universities. Gossip columnists are out; I can find no mention of any of them, not even Nigel Dempster, who boasts loudly that he knows everybody. Ingrams is in, presumably as an editor, though he is still afraid to give his private address and telephone number. The theatre is notoriously tricky. A playwright will usually get in with one West End production, at any rate if it is a hit. But where is my favourite actress, Helen Mirren? Furthermore, where is John Wood, unquestionably the best British actor below the Gielgud-Olivier-Richardson generation?

Of course the people who run *Who's Who* – and on the whole it is run admirably – will doubtless answer that more would be in if those already there did not continually expand their entries. I agree. There ought to be, if not a statutory limitation, at least a self-denying ordinance. David Frost, I see, still takes up 46 lines to blow his own trumpet. And even those one would expect to show more modesty like to spread themselves. Here is Ludo Kennedy, for instance, only one line short of Frost. By comparison, Cliff Michelmore, who has been around much longer than either, takes only 24, Robin Day, not a man to hide his light under bushels, a mere 21, Robert Kee only 19, and good old 'Grumpy' (Michael Barratt) only 14! Now were Kennedy and Frost a little more abstemious, room might be found for David Coleman and Frank Bough, those paladins of the sportsfield, Jonathan Dimbleby, whose elder brother makes it with 23 lines, John Morgan – a notable absentee – and even Esther Rantzen: women, like sportsmen and sports-commentators, have higher hurdles to jump. Esther's boyfriend, Desmond Wilcox, does make it (in 17 lines) but chiefly, I suspect, as 'Head of General Features of BBC Television' – in *Who's Who*, it's the organisation, not the individual, that counts most.

Finally, a word about the stage-by-stage disappearing trick of Mr Benn. Strictly speaking, he is not in the 1977 *Who's Who* at all. That is to say, on Page 180, where you'd expect to find Benn, Rt. Hon. A. W., there is nothing at all. But if you look on page 2,548, you will find a kind of ghostly echo of his lingering presence: Wedgwood Benn, Rt. Hon. Anthony; see Benn, Rt. Hon. A. W.' You may be sure that Benn will have cleared up this example of Homer nodding by 1978. But such items of unconscious humour are not entirely unknown to *Who's Who*. For instance, at the end of the entry devoted to 'Callaghan, Rt. Hon. (Leonard) James', there is a note in italics: '*See also Peter Jay.*'

Geoffrey Grigson

Critique

To be praised by Creeley, Dorn,
Or Calvin Bedient in the *New*
York Times Book Review

May yet happen – no, not to you.
'At once epistemological and human
These poems confirm the view' –

That no balls are left
Unbounced at all
In a *New York Times* book review.

John Sutherland

Problematical

Marxism and Literature by RAYMOND WILLIAMS *Oxford* £3.50

As readers of *New Left Review* will know, Raymond Williams is important not just for what he says but for where he stands. *Marxism and Literature* is a work of complex self-definition and self-location. It is not what its title, what its author's eminence and what its membership of a 'Marxism and . . .' series might suggest, an expository primer. What this book has to offer is not easily taken. *Marxism and Literature* requires a sympathetic reading informed by some knowledge of Williams's slow and deliberated shift leftwards in his writing over the last 20 years. It also requires an awareness of the unsought patriarchal role Williams has come to assume for younger Marxists and of the vexation which his 'intellectually unclarified' rapprochement with Marxism arouses in them.

Where does he stand? An autobiographical introduction suggests that Williams has come across. Narrating his intellectual movements since the Thirties, Williams announces a consummation of trends in the Seventies:

> This book is the result of [a] period of discussion, in an international context in which I have had the sense, for the first time in my life, of belonging to a sphere and dimension of *work* in which I could feel at home.

But Williams's international home is no simple home, any more than his border country was a simple territory or his long revolution a simple revolution. The conjuncture which makes it possible for Williams to write *Marxism and Literature* is the post-1956 dissolution of orthodox structures of Marxism, the crumbling of formed and disciplined concepts into problematic areas. It is within the recently legitimised 'alternative' position that Williams sites his book.

He has, in fact, surrendered less than might be supposed since *Culture and Society*. At the end of that book's chapter on Marxism he declared: 'We shall, to the degree that we value its stimulus, continue to look for its clarification in the field of culture as a whole.' This is precisely where *Marxism and Literature* starts looking, with a section on 'Basic Concepts' (Culture, Language, Literature, Ideology), of which the first is culture. The scheme in itself indicates a certain heterodoxy: in what Marxist sense are these concepts a 'base'? How

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can a Marxist literary criticism 'start' from culture? Other Williams priorities – as opposed to Marxist ones – are evident in the second chapter, 'Language', which is censorious of the immaturity of traditional Marxist linguistics. In the 'Ideology' chapter there is more censoriousness, though here the edge seems turned less against orthodox thinking than those modish Althusserian theories which overplay ideology, rather than language, as the constitutive element. Only in the 'Literature' chapter does Williams make a large submission to Marxism. Here it is granted that literature is a historically specific production, that it has not always existed and will not always exist as it does now. This annihilating insight is extraordinarily hard for a literary critic, even a Marxist literary critic, to come to terms with.

The chapter-to-chapter procedure of *Marxism and Literature* is familiar from the author's previous work. Williams starts from a keyword whose meanings are followed from original simplicity to current complexities. Habitually Williams supplies historical analysis by means of etymology. His meditations on the 'sense' of a constellation of key concepts have been, and are here, extraordinarily fruitful both in their specific explanations and in the sustained demonstration of a politically worthwhile activity for the literary critic. But as a method it is open to Marxist objection. Examining the diachronic emergence of a word like 'culture' or 'literature' gives a strong idea of relativity but little idea of necessity. By such means Williams evades the severe concomitants of a Marxist history. He still seems loath to admit the validity of class consciousness, let alone class struggle, as a progressive principle. And in a present Marxist climate which is resolutely anti-humanist he ends his book with a humanist assertion of creation (as against production) and self (as against class). 'At the very centre of Marxism', Williams declares most unfashionably, 'is an extraordinary emphasis on human creativity and self-creativity.'

Williams's etymological method accounts for a difficulty one has in reading this book. It is not just that he inserts literature back into the social and historical relations of its production: this is conventional enough literary Marxism. Williams goes a step further by analysing the concepts he uses to analyse literature in terms of their (i.e. the concepts') historically shifted and mutated meanings. These analyses are further complicated by attention to the problematic nature of the author's own development and the equally problematic condition of international Marxist thought. It suits Williams to contain this compounded complexity in what he terms a 'theoretical dimension' and three loose categories (Basic Concepts, Cultural Theory, Literary Theory). In so doing he creates a 'starting point' for the promised materialist analysis of culture which is to follow this book. But for the reader, and particularly the English reader more conversant with literature than Marxism, there is an almost intolerable strain as the mind struggles to convert theory into known examples.

Williams's work has never been easy to take in at once, and his influence has tended to be gradual. There are several features of *Marxism and Literature* which will delay its effect. The qualifying, constantly exploratory conduct of the book makes for an unattractive overall shape which is bitty, and apparently unimpelled. There is also, as in all of Williams's work, a deterring quality of privacy and self-absorption. (This characteristic is discussed authoritatively in Terry Eagleton's *Criticism and Ideology*.) Take, for example, the ostentatious omission of direct reference. One senses something almost haughty in the way in which Williams declines even to name his putative target in the critique of Leavis at the beginning of chapter 3. And his careful measurement of such innovations as recent structuralist criticism seems to snub the innovators by not mentioning them. On the relatively few occasions that he expounds the work of identified authorities, they are figures typically remote from those in current play among French and British critics. (Volosinov and Mukarovsky, for example, have some pages dedicated to them; Althusser has only three parenthetic mentions, Brecht two, and Macherey none).

But, of course, Williams has the earned right to discourse above the level of ordinary critical exchange. The explorations and integrations which this book makes will bring a major pressure to bear on academic literary criticism and its institutions.

K. Natwar-Singh

Secular Saint

Gandhi and Civil Disobedience: the Mahatma in Indian Politics 1928-1934 by JUDITH M. BROWN *Cambridge* £15.50

Books on Mahatma Gandhi are churned out with respectful regularity. Ved Mehta's offering, *Mahatma Gandhi and His Apostles*, has rightly been acclaimed on both sides of the Atlantic. Dr Brown's is a more scholarly work; well researched and documented, it draws upon material not so far available to others. Her passage to India has been very worth while: she knew what to look for and where to find it. Her analysis of the events between 1928 and 1934 is sound without being a victim of academic sterility, candid yet balanced. She throws new light on British and Indian dilemmas, the attitudes of leaders on both sides and their anxieties. Until Lord Irwin became Viceroy, the British displayed amazing lack of imagination in dealing with a man of Gandhi's calibre and character. Judged by any standards Mahatma Gandhi's impact on mankind was very considerable. Politics, not morality, was the arena of interests before Gandhi came on the scene; he took control of the freedom movement and steered it with exceptional skill between high-minded idealism and hard-headed realism. He proved that private decencies could be transmitted to public affairs. Nearly 30 years after his death millions round the world spontaneously ask: 'What would he have thought? How would he have us behave?'

Dr Brown modestly says that her extremely thorough book is 'a contribution to understanding Gandhi's political career, because his significance for his contemporaries and to some extent for later generations lay in his role as a political leader and innovator . . .' Gandhi was a genius, and at times his political style bewildered both his admirers and detractors. When he took control of Congress in 1920, the Indian nation was helplessly demoralised. Without the help of TV, radio, jets, the telephone and PR agencies, the Mahatma electrified India and made the British examine the nature of their Indian connection. He made them feel slightly ashamed of themselves. No wonder some of them complained that the Mahatma frequently struck a spiritual blow or two below the belt.

During the period discussed in the book Gandhi was at the peak of his influence and prestige. The Dandi Salt march of 1930, which is described by Dr Brown with warmth and feeling, caught the imagination of the world; it led to the Gandhi-Irwin pact and eventually to Gandhiji attending the Second Round Table Conference as the sole spokesman of the Indian National Congress. One must agree with Dr Brown that he achieved more outside the conference that inside; he found the endless sessions at Whitehall tiresome. Lord Irwin did his best, but even he could not decide whether Gandhi was a saint among politicians or a politician among saints.

YOU ARE WARNED! don't read Peter Straub's new novel alone after dark

IF YOU COULD SEE ME NOW

'Accomplished and frightening psycho-thriller' ***The Times***

'Ghost-story in the M. R. James tradition . . . marries two conventions marvellously' ***Observer***

'Full of chillingly calculated surprises' ***New Statesman***

'Spellbinding' ***Oxford Mail***

Jonathan Cape • £3.95

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lorna Sage

Violet Cream

Ronald Firbank: Memoirs and Critiques edited by MERVYN HORDER *Duckworth* £5.95

Valmouth, Prancing Nigger and **Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli** by RONALD FIRBANK *Duckworth* £4.95 and £1.50 each

Memoirs and Critiques is a plumper, more matronly version of the slender Ronald Firbank *Memoir* put together by I. K. Fletcher in 1930. Then it was bound in mourning black, the bend sinister in Duckworth's Rainbow Edition of the Works. Now it comes in a deep purple wrapper – and that's about how much times have changed. The new editor, Mervyn Horder, has found a lot more material on Firbank's grotesque life and unnatural fiction, of course, but the tone of the whole thing stays obstinately put in the past. That 'dingy lilac blossom of rarity untold' (as he once described himself) has not acquired a less cloying or despairingly silly identity. He seems to have suffered the fate of the catalyst: the peculiar chemical reactions he set going brought Nineties decadence back to life as Twenties comedy (in Waugh, for example), and yet he himself has remained unchanged, and unassimilated.

This volume, indeed, seems designed to enhance the impression that Firbank was an episode in other people's lives. Mr Horder gives Miriam Benkovitz's biography and Brigid Brophy's *Prancing Novelist* a dishonourable mention in his introduction ('by a class of person with which he felt not the slightest personal sympathy, that is to say, by women') and ignores them in his selection of anecdotes and analyses, in favour of those who saw themselves (however reluctantly) in Firbank's image. It is Firbank as consciousness-raiser we're presented with, through the medium of his victims' narcissism, embarrassment and (occasional) honesty. There are comparably cultish figures at present – the martyrs of women's writing, obviously, Plath and Sexton; but no one quite provokes the tone his friends take about Firbank. Whereas the women currently review, promote and bitch at their fairy godmothers in an atmosphere of vulgar explicitness, the Firbank partisans were oppressed with an equally vulgar delicacy about the love that dare not speak its name (not by any means all necessitated by the savage laws about homosexual acts), so that there is in these pieces a calculated vagueness which makes Firbank seem even more of a drab exotic. Stories about him tend to cast the narrators in the role of innocent bystander, mere acquaintances witnessing his antics with shame or wonder, but almost never with complicity.

Ifan Kyrle Fletcher, the main begetter of the old *Memoir*, wrote that 'even his friends found him pathetic and rather absurd', and Grant Richards (who published Firbank originally, mostly at Firbank's own expense) reports that the Hon. Evan Morgan, reputed to be Firbank's 'greatest friend', threatened to sue when he learned that a novel was to be dedicated to him. No one confesses to making common cause with him. The way he looked, acted and wrote exercised its fascination, apparently, because it was extreme enough to label him a monster, while at the same time it expressed vicariously the childishness, perversity, snobbishness, and irreverent smut other people longed to indulge. If he had been less grotesque, he would have played his part, for them, less well. Or at least that is the charitable (pro-Firbank) explanation of why these reminiscences make him out to be so extraordinarily unappetising.

Ifan Kyrle Fletcher again:

> As he talked in his high-pitched voice, the silhouette of his face, large and fleshy, with low brow, aquiline nose, and full lips, would pass across the light. His hands, clasping his ankles, or circling his head in frequent gestures, glinted with the sombre colours of his rings. . .

His lumpily waved hair, carmined nails, rouged cheeks and flabby, uncoordinated body (he is often described as clawing distractedly at his head) must have outdone the flowers, books and *objets* he surrounded himself with. Even when not drunk he advertised his crippling shyness with pieces of infantile exhibitionism like sliding under the table. He spoiled most of his own stories with a hoarse, helpless laugh. He ate so little in public that Osbert Sitwell thought his jaws didn't work properly, but was always fighting a losing battle to stay slim, so presumably (like Byron) he gorged in private. His disabilities as an author seem slight by comparison – merely that he couldn't spell, placed his adverbs the French way ('nuzzling intently the ground') and was shaky on grammar.

Hardly surprisingly, squirming embarrassment is the main emotion the memoirs generate. From the time he was at Cambridge (1906-09) Firbank was famous among connoisseurs of such experiences for providing a spectacle of repulsive delight. In many ways he resembled Quentin Crisp, though he never rationalised his wincing self-display to anything like the point of stripping off for art students, or writing his autobiography. They do share, though, a gift for spendidly squalid loneliness. Maurice Sandoz recalls visiting Firbank in Rome, and finding him living like a tramp in a rented palazzo:

> When the bed is tousled and the general aspect of things too chaotic, I move into the next room. . . . When the last of the rooms needs a thorough cleaning, I look for another house.

The same story features a solitary pet goldfish which, Firbank explained, was quieter than a canary and didn't drink the water. He had money, of course, so wasn't doomed or tempted to wallow in his own mess like Crisp, who claimed that the only drawback of years of dust was having to jump in the air when you put your trousers on. Firbank's inherited income and the equivocal freedom it won him recall a very different figure from longer ago – William Beckford, author of *Vathek* and builder of Fonthill. Beckford's money came from Jamaican sugar, Firbank's from railways; both cherished fantasies of courts or convents where you could transcend the crude heterosexual world with a bevy of mauvish-bronze orientals. Firbank, though, never achieved Beckford's stately, architectural ostracism: he was too graceless and restless to build himself a mausoleum (the fortune, too, turned out to be less than enormous) And, more to the point, he took his writing seriously.

That, given the way his 'friends' saw him, must have been very difficult. Even the best stories really flatter the tellers. Nancy Cunard recounts an incident in the Eiffel Tower restaurant when she was dining with a 'charming, but at that moment insufferably drunk young man'. Firbank undulated up and provoked the young brute into mutters about fairies and demands for beefsteak:

> 'And what with, sir?' asked the waiter 'What with, what *with*?' groaned the angry man, 'with . . .' Firbank stood poised above us. With a swoop over the table and an ingratiating giggle he suggested clearly and winningly: '*Try violets*!'

Most of the time, you don't get anything so picturesque, merely the sadly revealing anxious innocence of Bertie Landsberg – 'I was both thrilled and a little suspicious (this is not the right word but it will have to do!)' – or the pseudo-manliness of Forrest Reid ('He said "damn" quite naturally – as he might have at the age of 14'). Even in the 'Critiques' section it's hard to find any one writing with much conviction about the novels. Carl Van Vechten discovered them critically speaking, but he was all too em

THEOSOPHY
THE WISDOM RELIGION
Theosophy claims to be a restatement of the eternal truths behind all the world's religions. It is a comprehensive non-sectarian, non-dogmatic religious philosophy, incorporating knowledge of Nature's inner laws and processes. All serious religious scholars and aspirants should at least have some knowledge of it.
Write for information to:
The Blavatsky Trust
PO Box 167, London N20 0HQ

Among this week's contributors:

CLIVE JAMES's recent publications include *Visions before Midnight* (Cape) and *Fan-Mail* (Faber).

K. NATWAR-SINGH is the Indian High Commissioner-designate to Zambia.

LORNA SAGE teaches English at the University of East Anglia and is working on a book on Platonism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pathic (he was responsible for the inspired title of *Prancing Nigger*) to rescue them from the worst side-effects of the personal legend. E. M. Forster's piece from *Abinger Harvest* is horribly sprightly – 'How few writers can prostitute all their power!' Only Edmund Wilson (in 1951) and Evelyn Waugh (in 1929) escape the prevailing coy shamateurishness.

It was Edmund Wilson who provided, so belatedly, a fairly straightforward account of what Firbank means; writing of the play *The Princess Zoubaroff*, he says, keeping an exaggeratedly straight face:

> It is really an understatement of the same theme that D. H. Lawrence became violent and shrill about: the biologically sinister phenomenon of a slackening of the interest in mating on the part of the privileged classes of Europe.

This *is* what Firbank is about, all the more effectively because he makes heterosexual love seem disgustingly funny. Like Quentin Crisp, he makes homosexuality seem bleakly farcical, too, which is presumably why his more sentimental homosexual friends don't seem much interested in his books. Evelyn Waugh picks up exactly those features of his style which make him so cruel a satirist of physical life and naturalism:

> His later novels are almost wholly devoid of any attribution of cause to effect; there is the barest minimum of direct description; his compositions are built up, intricately and with a balanced alternation of the wildest extravagance and the most austere economy, with conversational *nuances*.

It's this claim for Firbank, not anecdotes and not puce and petunia dust-jackets, that makes sense of the re-issue of *Valmouth*, *Prancing Nigger* and *Concerning the Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli*. His place, if he is ever to find one, will be among those writers (Waugh himself, Muriel Spark) who have made the heartless, decorative 'Catholic' rituals of the English upper classes into a metaphor for universal decay. He remains awkwardly poised between their brilliant nastiness and a merely clownish fame.

Tom Paulin

Head - Knowledge

Janine by PHILIP CALLOW *Bodley Head* £3.50
Getting Through by MARGARET SUTHERLAND *Heinemann* £3.90
Coma by ROBIN COOK *Macmillan* £4.95
The Day of the Women and the Night of the Men by WOLF MANKOWITZ *Robson Books* £5.25

Janine has grey-green eyes that are sometimes 'as empty of human emotions as a cat's'. She has short fair hair, a flower-stalk neck, and looks like a cross between 'a sharp-featured boy and a schoolgirl'. A man watches her 'sharp and straight as a thistle, floating in the summer light'. The man is a divorced schoolteacher who has existed for 46 years 'in a half frightened, half desperate state'. He has written a book on Strindberg, and is so quiet, so apparently drab, that he 'almost merged with the wallpaper'. But he forms relationships with women in the way that other people catch trains – just now he is 'between women, disengaged' – and the results are always desperate, violent and stubbornly miserable. He hates every woman he meets.

The situation of Philip Callow's new novel is extremely unpromising, for the central character, David Lowry, is a misogynist of such intensity that only the most complete irony could save him. Yet for all the detached clarity of the prose, there is little insight into Lowry's essential nature. He has an affair with 'an American lady pedagogue' whom he describes as a 'balls breaker' – 'I hung over her like a dynamo that had come unplugged,' he tells Janine. He revels in 'the sheer bliss and vainglory of being a man', and in one pseudo-Lawrentian passage he muses on the nature of women:

> All the females he had known so far had been strong characters, but in their heads they were in a permanent muddle, like the contents of their handbags. They didn't have thoughts at all in his sense of the word, they had explosions. That was the source of their strength, he thought. They weren't crippled by head-knowledge, they had sensations; they floated and flowed along.

But Janine isn't like this, he decides. She is 'a mysteriously female creature who was as sharp as a thistle with thoughts'. She plays Sue Bridehead to the American woman's Arabella, so that the story of Lowry's emotional chaos moves between extreme sexual disgust and a coldly miserable love. And yet, despite its many faults of dull characterisation, unreal situations and banal dialogue, there is something utterly accurate about this novel's atmosphere.

There is an oppressive sense of 'threat and dereliction', a placeless feeling of enormous misery, a tense and intransigent certainty about the bitterness that is being explored. As Janine and Lowry sit 'side by side, like two people in a waiting-room who have run out of things to say', their hopeless relationship is described with such a chill, clear simplicity that Callow's account of it can fairly be compared with, say, Strindberg's *Miss Julia*. There is a shrill but strictly controlled despair in *Janine* which overcomes many of its faults.

The short story is notoriously difficult to write. Its form is as compact as a sonnet, and its subject, as Frank O'Connor argues, is loneliness. Margaret Sutherland's collection of stories set in New Zealand passes both tests admirably. She observes the solitary lives of her characters with an unforced intentness – a young reporter watching the tropical rain drumming on a deserted road; an anxious housewife travelling through 'a great, unpeopled countryside'; an unmarried mother in a Matahoe supermarket; a mothered bachelor weeping in a strip club – each situation is presented quietly and definitely.

The characters belong to that 'submerged population' which O'Connor defines as the social ground of any short story. Like the young journalist who has 'gone below his surfaces' into a ghostly, twilight world, they have [illegible] another kind who had to find somewhere dark to hide themselves'. The landscape, with its 'air of wintery desertion', is fitfully illuminated by 'disconsolate, stubborn sparks of love', then darkened again by 'the weight of mixed and hardly worthy motives'. The sober humility and lingering anxiety of these stories make *Getting Through* a most promising first collection.

Inevitably, perhaps, there are no emotions in *Coma*, a brash, oddly fascinating and unintentionally hilarious fantasy about black market tissue-transplants. Its author is a scuba-diving medical instructor at Harvard who admits in an admonitory epilogue to having recently acquired 'a heightened regard for female physicians and female medical students'. And so, out of a formula of medical jargon and behaviourist psychology, he has created a female character of the purest plastic. She is 'young, healthy, and sexy with that American, Californian style that makes eyes turn and hypothalamuses awaken'. She exists in a sealed, ruthlessly physical world where people feel 'a rather immediate chemical attraction for each other' (Doc Cook is sensitised to the subtle nuances of adrenalin). In such situations a male will address a female like this: 'Susan, getting to know you a little better, and liking every minute of it, makes me even more motivated to urge you to forget this coma problem.' The female will counter with a query about 'counter-immunoelectrophoresis techniques' and more chemical reactions will then take place. As a story, *Coma* has a fairly high rating on the hedonic calculus, often inducing that sudden tightening of the throat muscles which is a sure indication that the patient is about to laugh.

The pleasure-quotient of Wolf Mankowitz's expensive collection of fables ('in the great tradition of Aesop, La Fontaine', etc) is extremely low. Mr Mankowitz comments on a wide variety of issues with a slick pessimism that manages to be both null and offensive:

> So Plague, Famine and War deserted the world for a while, leaving room for young Over-Population, wild Civil Disturbance and old Uncle Degeneracy, so that shortly Man was praying for the return of the three ancient white spectres whose ghastly beneficence alone makes his miserable sojourn on earth possible.

With such flimsy fancies has this latter-day Malthus added to the pollution he deplores.

LONDON MAGAZINE

AUGUST/SEPTEMBER 96p

James Stern: Walker Evans—a memoir

John Rayner: High Sex—a portrait of Tom Driberg

Timothy Hyman: R. B. Kitaj

Kyril Fitzlyon: Pushkin & Gogol

Ted Hughes: Coming Down through Somerset

Art ✱ Architecture ✱ Fiction ✱ Criticism ✱ Photography

Monthly from October
Annual subscription £10

30 THURLOE PLACE, SW7

LM

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

John Coleman

No Connection

Black Sunday (AA) *Plazas 1 and 2; ABCs Bayswater and Fulham Road*
Fire Sale (A) *Rialto*
Annie Hall (AA) *21 August, Edinburgh Film Festival*

Just over a couple of years ago, John Frankenheimer made *French Connection Number Two*, which went to show – particularly in the central section, where a cop was forcibly hooked on heroin and as forcibly weaned from it – that this one-time more than promising director (*All Fall Down, The Manchurian Candidate*) still had notions and talent. So, hope fluttering in this hardened breast, I went along on Monday morning to *Black Sunday*, noting with some alarm I was in for 143 minutes of Frankenheimer but free for once of prior knowledge of the plot, subject or what you will. After some three-quarters of an hour had passed, this freedom remained with me. Actions of various kinds kept on happening in exotic locales, each placed and dated by friendly titles, but why was that pretty girl (Marthe Keller) wandering the back-alleys of Tangier – labelled BEIRUT – and what was Robert Shaw doing in his quick first appearance and why were we looking at a scrap of black-and-white film of Bruce Dern admitting his culpability as an American pilot in Vietcong hands? All too slowly, a few of the bits came together. Miss Keller was Dahlia, a fanatical Black Septembrist of Arab-German origins; Shaw was Major Kabakov, boss of a band of Israeli commandos, shortly to blow up the terrorist group's HQ; Dern was Lander, an embittered, half-mad veteran, court-martialled on his return home and now pilot of the giant Goodyear airship used for overhead TV coverage of football games. Dahlia, quixotically allowed to escape from that holocaust because Kabakov catches her in the shower at the time, has Lander in the palm of her hand, or thereabouts: he is busy manufacturing thousands of steel darts which are to be exploded from the Goodyear blimp into the crowd watching a championship match in Miami's Super Bowl. This is to serve warning to the American people that something must be done about an Arab-Israeli settlement. Are you with me so far? Good, because there I will leave you.

Although there is a fair old quantity of plot and counter-plot before the grand, spectacular, pretty silly finale (remember Larry Pearce's *Two-Minute Warning* where it was an insane sniper and Heston and Cassavetes and football at the LA Memorial Coliseum?), it all boils down to Shaw making a descent from a helicopter on to that lethal blimp and turning it harmlessly out over the sea. A little of this, with the airship looming like a stray from *Orca* amid the terrified spectators and earlier stuff of a test-run of the explosive darts in a huge hangar (they leave a dazzling pattern of holes), is well found and photographed by John A. Alonzo: the rest should be silenced.

As much might be said for Alan Arkin's *Fire Sale*. If one of several things wrong with *Black Sunday* was that the sound, at least at the press show, was too loud, a major annoyance here is that almost everyone delivers his lines *ff*. This may be to distract attention from their quality. The screenplay is by Robert Klane from his own novel and he should count himself twice lucky, one would guess. There is – to level with you – a single utterance that made me laugh audibly. It comes when momma Fikus (pronounced *fie-cuss*) is ordering food over the phone for the premature funeral feast of her husband (Vincent Gardenia), a bully with a heart condition. Remember, she bellows, 'you. catered for my hysterectomy'. The family Fikus also numbers two sons, Russel (Bob Reiner), who lets out great asthmatic whoops whenever poppa heaves into view or is even mentioned, and Ezra (Alan Arkin, who should have conducted, nay, directed himself better) as a lousy school basketball coach with a wife who craves a child. This wish is granted during the ensuing low-jinks. Ezra turns up one day with a kid he has spotted potting astounding baskets in a local playground: this orphan, known to his intimates as Captain F——, is seven feet tall and black.

The higher IQ'd among you may have detected that we already have a couple of racial strands going, to be tugged, crossed or knotted at a comic writer's pleasure. But Mr Klane is yet young in deed, if ancient in performance. Stir in a pair of house-painters (one very philosophical); that childless wife, who phones Ezra from inside the fridge to tell him she is killing herself; a beaming undertaker, who merrily goes on measuring up poppa even when he proves alive; and Sid Caesar, saddest of all resurrections, as a wooden-legged relative in a veterans' hospital who fondly believes World War II continues: and you have the makings of what the excellent Miss Pauline Kael is wont to refer to as schlock. As I write, the awful fear overcomes me that it all sounds more amusing than it is. Presumably there was many a giggle and guffaw as the material was kicked around before and mayhap during filming. But it is basically such old-hat surrealism, stodgily revolving round the proposed arson of the bankrupt family department store for the insurance money, that it should never have got as far as a screen. Put one, rather, around it.

Much, much happier news is Woody Allen's *Annie Hall*, chosen for the opening night of this year's Edinburgh Film Festival on Sunday. One gathers it then proceeds on some kind of release in Scotland: while we wait down south, a word or two about it may not come amiss. A handful of Mr Allen's less understanding fans could, I suppose, find this one a shade bewildering in that it veers towards autobiographical territory more than usual, or more than somewhat. Allen comes chatting on to us at the beginning, talking of this and that, Freud (Sigmund) and Marx (Groucho), as if he were about to turn the pages of a private album: which, in his special way, he does. In the movie that follows his principal partner is the enchanting Diane Keaton, a role she filled in real life for a while. She plays the Annie Hall of the title: again it might not be too far-fetched to see the whole piece as dedicated to her. Allen is Alvy Singer, a tolerably successful TV and night-club comic, and here and there we get into his old act, the skinny little man delivering neurotic one-liners. But – via an agreeable assortment of techniques (a moment of animation, even, with a cartoon Alvy/Allen chatting up the Wicked Queen in *Snow White*) – we more often pursue, apparently at random, the growth of our hero from childhood to the present. He grants us a false happy ending only after a more authentic sad one, the separation from Annie. There is a superb classroom scene from a Brooklyn boyhood, with the kids standing up and reciting what they have subsequently become: 'I was a heroin addict. Now I'm a methadone addict' – 'I'm into leather'; and an instant of sheer fantasy-joy where Alvy drops out of persona to wheel on the living, breathing Marshall McLuhan in order to confound a spouting cinema-queue bore. This *must* arrive our way soon – please. Meanwhile, go to Edinburgh for a fortnight.

Radio

Eric Korn

Fissiparity

When Orson Welles's Martians sent everyone scuttling for safety to the New Jersey hills, someone at the BBC must have panicked too and issued a memorandum, never since withdrawn: how else explain the curious dearth of science fiction radio? The repeat of Isaac Asimov's *Foundation* trilogy, to be serialised in eight parts (Radio 4, Saturdays), is a suitably timid choice Written in the Forties, first broadcast in 1973, this product of Toynbeean civilisation-ology and Wells's *Idea of a World Encyclopaedia* is good radio only in the deadly sense of having no action. As the Galactic Empire shows the geriatric symptoms of fissiparity, mandarinism, nostalgia and power blackouts (it's back to coal and oil on the Outer Planets), savants and politicians engage in millenia of boardroom meetings and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mildly absorbing debate, little enlivened by some of the least imaginative noises to emerge from the radiophonic workshop: monotonic peeps and tweets, rockets whooshing as if fired from milkbottles, linking passages (lots) in primitive computer voices. Even Herman Kahn would find the faith in scientific forecasting touching: political changes ahead are predicted by the equations of psychohistory ('the statistics of the human conglomerate') and even diplomats' prose can be made to yield sense: 'Take these tapes and submit them to a thorough analysis by symbolic logic.'

Reason is not today's fashion: I have been civilly scolded by Peter Redgrove for calling *The God of Glass* 'neo-obscurantist', but certainly no other word would fit Paul Green's *Ritual of the Stifling Air* (produced by Michael Rolfe, Radio 3). 'It is not a play in the strict sense of the word nor is it an aria' said the equivocating, oversolemn preamble. The incantations by which the Nazi magus invoked the spirit of the Führer were (after some introductory Abraxas-Baphomet rubbish) impressively spooky, chilling as a necrophiliac massage: and Illona Linthwaite was the more effective because she avoided the usual mediumistic tone of a bat trapped in a gasometer. I'm always angered by the use of Auschwitz as a tidy capsule for evil, especially in a self-indulgent, semi-serious work: the neo-obscurantism, by which I mean the petulant or whimsical or despairing abandoning of sense as one guide to action, was displayed in publicity drivel about inexplicable technical breakdowns in the recording studio.

Despair is a natural response to the bizarre and horrible events described in *Cambodia: Cry of a Nation* (Radio 4). The tone was too shrill, and the dramatisation didn't aid conviction: there may be some argument about the scale of the deaths, and how to apportion them between callous stupidity and murderous intent, but the remarks of the apologists themselves left no room for doubt. 'It is incredible how concerned you are with the fate of war criminals', remarked Khieu Samphan, asked to account for a million missing persons, by his own figures. The victims took a long while to grasp what was intended for them: 'aren't you going to use educated people to run the country: some of us have diplomas?'

History may have much more to say about the extraordinary experiment in rural self-sufficiency that the Cambodians are undertaking, about a communism based on the veneration of manual labour instead of technology ('when a man sweats as he plants he understands that he is born from a grain of rice'), but it cannot erase or mitigate the horror of its beginnings. Despite the hasty pretexts (B-52 bombers, CIA plots), it is clear that the depopulation of the cities was premeditated and inspired by a puritanical hatred of urbanism and all its works. A Radio Phnom-Penh announcer spoke of 'the overwhelmingly unspeakable sight of youngsters with long hair and bizarre clothes, indistinguishable from the fair sex', curiously echoing the hostile comment on the Khmer Rouge troops themselves, that one couldn't tell the boys from the girls (not, I would have thought, the most immediate concern provoked by the entry of a revolutionary army). Psychohistory or demonology may eventually explain much, meanwhile Auden will suffice: 'I and the public know/ what all schoolchildren learn/those to whom evil is done/do evil in return.'

No wonder then that we celebrate Blake, who lived with revolutions and demons and was yet 'the most practically sane, healthy, frugal and industrious person'. Douglas Cleverdon's *Arrows of Vision* (Radio 4) was tidy and straightforward, perhaps too sturdy, with Nigel Anthony uttering hoarse cries of energy and delight, and a rousing 'Jerusalem' to finish: the Radio 3 version (*Me and Mr Blake* by Peter Everett) was altogether more ambitious, grainy and metaphysical, with entertaining sketches of Fuseli and Wollstonecraft, focused through Rosemary Leach's hot, tender and ironic Catherine: 'I have very little of Mr Blake's company – he is always in paradise.'

An endearing one-man revolt against urbanism was staged by Archie Hill (*The Second Meadow*, Radio 4), who retired to the fields of Shropshire for three months to forge a philosophy, armed with a tent, a .22 rifle, considerable internal resources, and rather too much of the homespun wisdom of his childhood friend, the poacher: 'there's more to loife than fags and shags'. Aye.

Theatre

Peter Conrad

Nun Nicer

Once a Catholic *Royal Court*
Tales from the Vienna Woods *Olivier*

The only interesting thing about *Once a Catholic*, a trivial squib by Mary O'Malley describing convent education in Harlesden during the Fifties, is why it has been so overpraised. Reviewers, debilitated by the tedium of their vocation, tend to welcome as a revelation anything which eases them through an evening with a few laughs, but in this case they have been preposterously generous. One of them had the temerity to compare Miss O'Malley's giggly prurience about sanitary napkins, French letters and the vaginas of rabbits with Wedekind's studies of adolescent awakening; all of them solemnly warned 'devout Catholics', in Milton Shulman's phrase, against the inflammatory free-thinking of the piece.

To find Miss O'Malley shocking is to pay her too great a compliment. Of course the play panders to the self-congratulatory liberalism which is the speciality of the Royal Court. Its audience can be relied on to shout with gleeful indignation at anything set in South Africa or North London. This time I couldn't see where the wit was in the phrase 'Hendon Central', acclaimed with an automatic outburst of hilarity; but then I don't live in Chelsea, and am conscious of an inadequacy. The audience of liberated unbelievers laughs the louder because it imagines it is causing offence by ridiculing piety; the reviewers commend the play for the same reason. They are wrong: *Once a Catholic* is not sacrilegious but smutty, and far from scatologically decrying the faith, it's positively slavering in its devotional timidity. It can conceive of no alternative to the catechistical regime of its peasants nuns; and the heroine, whose Wedekindesque inquisitiveness about the mating of rabbits thrilled the reviewers, ends slumped at the foot of the cross, piteously begging her oppressors to allow her to join them in celibate servitude.

The humour of the play isn't agnostic raillery, as the thigh-slapping know-alls of the stalls assume, but the privilege of the insider. Only the believer is free to make fun of church rituals and institutions, because that laughter is an excursion faith permits. As Chesterton always argued, the devout are disrespectful jesters; only the atheist can't afford a sense of humour, because you can't be irreverent about a nonexistent God. Catholics aren't as queasily shockable as Milton Shulman imagines. They have always delighted in a style of self-parody which seems blasphemous to the outsider but is actually a perk of the devout, who are on such familiar terms with the impalpable persons of divinity that they can fondly tease or rally or rebuke them. In *Once a Catholic*, Pat Heywood as a genial nun tells her pupils to trust in their patron saints to help them through their O levels, and says of her own St Peter, 'he's never let me down'. Catholic ribaldry is an extension of this trustingly literal piety. Speculating about the integrity of the Virgin's maidenhead or the frustrations of Joseph, as the characters of *Once a Catholic* do, is a tribute to these totems because it humanises them. The chewing-gum penis which one of the convent girls thinks of attaching to the crucified Christ in the chapel is an offering of piety: only an idol-worshipper could have devised such a defacement.

Catholics can be foul-mouthed and lewd-minded because their religious instincts are as vigorous and unmisgiving as their natural appetites. God, the girls are told by their priest, can penetrate their most secret thoughts, so they make no attempt to conceal their incontinence. Three of them huddle in a lavatory cubicle to unriddle the salacious passages in the Bible. Only the Protestant hypocritically bothers to be on his best behaviour for God, because he imagines God will be duped by his gentility. When one of the girls tongue-kisses her boyfriend, she breaks away crying, 'Oh Christ! another fucking mortal sin!' He, C of E, rebukes her for using such language. The Protestant thinks God a prude who'll be affronted by four-letter words.

Intellectually, *Once a Catholic* has a dithery confusion which the audience, whooping mechanically as if enjoined by idiot-boards, seems not to notice. Pretending to liberalism, Miss O'Malley improbably assigns to a lecherous Teddy boy (adorned in pink socks and a bootlace tie, with a ginger cockscomb of swept-up hair) a sermon in defence of the plurality of faiths. Yet this same ecumenicist, who happens to be a Co-op milkman, succumbs to the Catholic monopoly and agrees to sign

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

over his offspring to the church for their education. His servility, and the heroine's renunciation of a singing career because she wants to join an order, are characteristic of a piece which the critics found daring and defiant. A ratty old music master longs to end his misery by suicide, but lives on in fear because the church sentences self-murderers to a worse suffering after death. He says ruefully of the doctrine, 'I don't believe a word of it, and yet I know it's true'. The play can't extricate itself from this dead-end, and whiles away the time making jokes about superstitions it all the same grovels before.

Next week there are three final chances to see Horváth's *Tales from the Vienna Woods* at the National Theatre before the production is withdrawn. It is immaculately directed by Maximilian Schell, and brilliantly acted by a large company – among them Elizabeth Spriggs as a rampant tobacconist, Struan Rodger as an Aryan automaton who gives himself marching orders when pissed, Stephen Rea as a swinish wide-boy, and Ellen Pollock as a reptilian eurhythmic baroness; Kate Nelligan has been capably replaced by Brenda Blethyn as the tormented heroine. The central character, however, is the revolving stage of the Olivier, which is less a mechanism than an image. It enacts the overlapping of different environments in the city: a suburban row of shopfronts turns at an angle and becomes a riverside park or a plushly sleazy cabaret; it stands for the inflationary cycles of reckless binge and depression which govern not only the economic fortunes but the emotional existences of the characters embarked on it; it suggests as well the helpless but reassuring circularity of comedy: at the end the characters return to where they were at the beginning, and confront truths about themselves which they should have known all along. The heroine's sufferings aren't tragic because at their end she's reclaimed by her beginning, carried off by the sepulchral butcher she'd run away from, who has always warned her that she wouldn't escape from his love. But comic survival is in this case a fate worse than tragic death. *Once a Catholic* seems in comparison irritatingly flippant and unimportant.

Opera

Eric Sams

Love-Hate

Don Giovanni and **The Rake's Progress**
Glyndebourne

Suddenly this summer, the ice broke in the Garden and the Wells; and opera became outspoken in language and gesture. As a result I began to harbour unworthy suspicions about Peter Hall's much-admired production of *Don Giovanni*. Perhaps the electrifying Act One thunderstorm, for example, was just another trendy gimmick symbolising the rake's inevitable progress, from flash to clap? Not so. There were no signs of forcing or grafting, and no merely stock ideas. The whole production, as I saw it, stemmed naturally from one single seed of interpretation. But it might equally be viewed as springing from a basic misconception.

The opening scene showed a sombre Seville. Lowering skies and raised umbrellas made it plain that Spain stays mainly in the rain. Nature herself sided with Peter Hall in deploring greedy and violent concupiscence. She even affected the designs, which had a dark look of disapproval. But the subfusc puritan conscience seemed in perpetual conflict with the colourful cavalier music. On that score the hero's personality needs to be interpreted as electromagnetic; the shock is part of the attraction. Surely Shaw has it right. Just as Leporello grudgingly serves his master, so Don Giovanni in turn is the animated instrument or comic suffering servant of a cosmic life force. Yet instead of the theatrical equivalent of 'summer lightning made audible' we were presented with the dark night of a lost soul. So both the alternate casts, though admirably competent, were rather overcast, and the evenings lacked stars.

But the teamwork was thereby enhanced; and the Giovanni I saw, Thomas Allen, made an outstanding success of the part through which every true (as well as untrue) man seeks to project himself. Richard van Allan was suitably surly as his highly uncivil Seville servant. Of the three victimised ladies, Rachel Yakar's Donna Elvira impressed me most. Her role bisects the love-hate line from lofty Anna to lowly Zerline, so that longing and loathing often have to be expressed in the same breath. The long top A's in her Act Two trio struck the needful note of confused infatuation most sensitively. Bernard Haitink's aptly austere and disciplined direction was as probing and revelatory as a skilled cross-examination. Thus Anna's recognition of her father's slayer took its cue from the orchestra, which had just put up a Wanted poster in sound.

The dark Don was replaced by a bright Rake (David Hockney's discerningly Hogarthian designs made a bigger splash of colour) as if the two works had swapped managers. *The Rake's Progress*, with the poetic and intellectual weight of the Auden-Kallman libretto reinforced by the heavy irony of Stravinsky's strong score, is crushingly pessimistic. Despite all his deadly sins, Don Giovanni is at least offered (however implausibly) the chance of being converted into a Don John of the Cross. Tom Rakewell is brutally soiled and broken by Satan, just for enjoying idleness and affluence; which is enough to make any opera-goer uneasy. Leo Goeke performed as well as this neutral part permitted. It was not his fault that the Rake is just a common-or-garden tool of Fate, without any real cutting edge of Mozartian *élan vital*. Much more vivid and compelling were the opposing forces of good and evil that battle for his soul. As Anne Trulove, Felicity Lott gave a great deal of pleasure, while Samuel Ramey's Nick Shadow was well cast. Both managed to enunciate with fair clarity despite Stravinsky's weirdly-stressed word-setting, which often gives the voices a marked foreign accent.

So ended the third Glyndebourne lesson (*Falstaff* was the first) showing how sexual offenders get their come-uppance, with ever-increasing penalties. But the damnation that was so real to Mozart may have lost its terrors now; indeed the provision of fire, smoke and Lucifer might well have been just by courtesy of the sponsors, Imperial Tobacco. Similarly the syphilis that ruined poor Tom (and poor Delius, whose grave at Limpsfield may be visited en route) is now far more tractable. It all shows how closely art reflects life; even the wages of sin are losing their purchasing power.

Television

Ian Hamilton

Face to Faith

Festival 77 (BBC-2) this week continued tc mock us with its poker-faced reminders of what we used to think of as 'good telly' For example, John Freeman – although he has been many and varied a grand persor since he quit our screens – is most popularly remembered as an ace interviewer, a mouth-loosener of extraordinary fragility and grace, forever coaxing the high anc silent to the brink of tears. Depressing then, to see him at it in exchanges with Evelyn Waugh and Adam ('What do you want if you don't want Money') Faith; hi inquisitorial panache made Hughie Greer look like a high-up in the Gestapo. It wa almost embarrassingly evident that Free

Tom Paulin

Without Knowledge

In the dead middle of the afternoon
When nothing happens and the light is dull
The will fastens itself on every object
In the room, clamping cups to the table,
Each chair to the floor. There is no sound then,
And only anger can break its tyranny,
The gentler evenings when the lights come on.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man had a neatly-typed list of questions on his lap and absolutely no resources for coping with the interviewee's perverse way of being glad to answer some of them whilst refusing to be drawn on others. If the answer to a long, superbly thought-out question happened to be 'no', Freeman would adroitly move on to his next superbly thought-out question – and would again be quite ready to take 'no' for an answer. Does all this mean (heaven forbid) that we should now begin admiring the firm-jawed grillers *de nos jours*, those tough bastards who are never lost for a piping, yet insistent, 'Yes, sir, but . . .'?

More recycling this week from the *Panorama* team. When, in February, *Panorama* put out a programme on prison life, I was rash enough to suggest that there was material in it for at least four programmes. Such is my power that four programmes are now being offered, each of them making use of the original Panorama raw materials. The trouble is, judging from the first offering, not all – or even most – of the materials are raw; whole stretches of part one of *Prison* (BBC-1) were lifted intact from the original. Naïvely I'd assumed, when I made my heart-felt plea, that lack of time had prevented the *Panorama* sleuths from showing yards of first-rate footage. Perhaps, such is my power, I should have made this just a bit more clear. Or is the new stuff coming in part two?

Plays that trade on the simmerings of violence invariably have trouble coming to the boil. Throughout David Mercer's new work, *A Superstition* (Yorkshire), one's main fear was that the denouement would be flabbily disruptive of the effortfully built-up tension which was the real meat of the play. Lazily parodying a Noel Coward-ish stage situation – a two-set Riviera villa, queers to the fore, bon-mots a-tumbling – Mercer characteristically promoted the savaged sensibility of a single Man of Gifts, letting others – not of Gifts – probe for the Fatal Flaw. Hugh Burden was superb as Oliver, an over-the-hill dandy who may or may not have caused the death, in a car smash, of his youthful boyfriend Harry. Spiritual sores wittily contained, Oliver has an eye both lustful and jealous on his decorative houseboy (whose broken English carries words like 'nuance' in its stride). The houseboy meanwhile is being courted by the priapic Curtis, an ex-priest lover of Oliver's. The houseboy is keen on Harry; Harry is afraid to let Oliver out of his sight; Curtis is using the houseboy as a way of getting back to Oliver, with whom he has been mightily obsessed for years.

Oliver, in the face of all this tense manoeuvring, relies on cravats, vocabulary and nicely prepared seafood to keep his sanity intact, but is given to gnomic mentions now and then of the interesting habits of a certain primitive tribe – a tribe which views the blind as holy and their severed heads as thrillingly talismanic. In other words there's more to all this embalmed seediness than meets the eye, and we ought to brace ourselves for an Eruption. So we do, but when it comes – gory and impolite – it is so predictably the worst that could happen that it seems trashily insulting to the skilful, mannered stuff that's gone before.

Elvis Presley

Russell Davies

He Got Stung

He was 'alone when the end came' at his Graceland Mansion, Memphis, Tennessee, which he had 'turned into a fortress against the world'. He had become 'immensely fat'. There had been 'rumours concerning his erratic temper, his indifference to beautiful women, his diffidence, his preoccupation with his mother and with religion'. It was 'an open secret' that he was 'using drugs, including heroin'. It had emerged that he had a 'morbid fear of being shot while performing'. So the death of Elvis Presley can't have surprised British pressmen all that much. They had known all along that he was Citizen Kane. All we need now is confirmation that he used to whisper 'Rosebud' as he brushed the cobwebs from his cracked and peeling Golden Disc.

There were quite a few Golden Discs. When reliable totals were established in 1971, Presley had already made 65 'global million sellers'. This commercial success was not achieved by sheer marketing. To be sure, Presley's talent and way of life were parcelled out to the public with outrageous, even deplorable astuteness by 'Colonel' Tom Parker, a formerly floundering Barnum whose expert husbandry of the young man's fame was first tested when Elvis faced the army call-up. The image of flash docility fostered by Parker during this period was a triumph of patience and show-biz patriotism. One was made to feel that the ineffable glamour of the singer, stuffed uncomfortably (but *willingly*, folks) into a GI uniform, was building up in there, being stored as in a battery. When release came, there would be an explosion, the biggest display so far of psycho-sexual pyrotechnics. In the event, there wasn't: just more rotten old bland films, where chaste teams of vinyl-haired teeny-bikini maidens would compete for a kiss from that curled and mock-sadistic upper lip. But the tension of waiting had set Presley's career alive.

Outside the recording studio, this tension – somehow always taking the form of the question 'will he?' – was the secret of Presley's lasting success. At first, in the Pelvis period, there was the sexual fear he inspired. Young and old alike dreaded the moment when he'd split his trousers, or make some movement so frankly copulatory that the watching generations would be embarrassed into mutual antagonism. Then came Uncle Sam. Would Elvis survive the haircut? Would he retain his appeal if and when he got married? And for British fans, there was the perennial question of his promised tour of Britain. When would he come? If there is one thing certain about the middle age Presley was about to embark on, it's that he would never have performed in Britain at all. Why work dangerously, when lethargy is the winning formula? This became the motto of Presley's latter years, even though his records still threw up moments of quite startling vocal drama, whenever he could be weaned away from his advisers' sickly repertoire of cry-baby songs about estranged Daddies and the American flag.

It is to the records, thank goodness, that informed attention will now turn, and will find plenty to think about, for all the surprising perfunctoriness of the rhythm backing and the campy woo-hooing of the Jordanaires. As Henry Pleasant has pointed out, Presley had a big vocal range, not all of it comfortably encompassed, but every bit of it serviceable to one mood or another. His enunciation was notoriously slippery: it could be almost grotesquely clear, and then dissolve into melismatic garbling when the melody line, or more often the blues feeling, suddenly took over in his head. You never knew what he might do; he could make an elision of anything (the words 'why torture me?' in the recent hit *Suspicion* could equally well have been 'Why dontcha leave?': such ambiguities generally enhanced the record) and he would accentuate the most surprising of passing words with a near-absurd but undoubtedly impressive pomposity. There is a lot of study left in all this, some of it serious. But it is not going to be easy to explain to future generations how dramatic the dead-echo sound of *Heartbreak Hotel* seemed in the air of the mid-Fifties. There was an emotional truth to it just as though it had been recorded in the empty bar of the eponymous establishment. Elvis Presley's story has ended, it seems, in a similar place – just better furnished.

Weekend Competition

No 2477 **Set by Joyce Johnson**

Apposite anagrams. Not long ago we had a comp in which you were asked to rejig the names of real people (e.g. Marie Stopes = I see to prams). Do the same please, with fictional characters. By 2 September.

Result of No 2474 **Set by A. Boteman**

There is a *Penguin Book of Socialist Verse*, but there are no comparable anthologies for those of different persuasions. We asked you to make good the gap.

Report **by PC 49**

We in the force are always scrupulously careful to keep an open and fair mind when it comes to considering the political situation. One or two of your verses definitely gave me what you might call an off-duty chuckle; but after consultation with the DPP, I am informed that printing them might tend to lead to a breach of the peace. A parking fine each for the winners (that's six quid to you in civvies).

England for the English
And their correct unblended genes.
Today the melon smile of the obscure
audacious mugger,
The sinister agents' patter on
family wavelengths,
The corrosion with indolent jazz of the
spines of the youthful.
Today semitic arousal of usurious hierarchs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Today the permissive drug and the
Marxist pornographer.
But tomorrow the leader,
The day of the patrial mesomorph, the
bookless Apollo,
The sudden demolition of the monuments
of equality,
The clever and weak banished to
impossible islands.
Tomorrow the instinctive flag and the
surgical bullet.
Today the disrespectful college and the
prisons like cushions of feathers.
Tomorrow the world.

'SMASHER' RANSOME

Sideways, lovely liberals,
Sidling up to power,
With old angry Cyril
Grumbling as before.
Steel our Youthful Master
Lead us as we go
Sideways into battle,
Loyal band in tow.
Sideways, then, ye liberals,
Join the Labour throng:
We are not divided,
Power cannot be wrong –
Sideways, lovely liberals
(Never mind the pong).

T. CHEVALLIER

I've taken my gold where I've found it, for
that's what free enterprise means,
But as for the needy and homeless, I don't
care a damn row of beans.
I've both of my lads down for Eton, and
a bloody great Rolls at the door,
So why should I care for the starving?
It's their fault for being so poor.
We spend lots of tax on their welfare,
which makes one so very annoyed:
As I often say down at the golf-club,
it's the lazy who get unemployed.
There's too much taken in taxes, a lesson
these Reds never learn,
Though I've this useful accountant,
so I can still spend all I earn.
I'd tell them to pull out their fingers,
that maxim the Duke likes to give,
But I wouldn't abolish their dole cash,
for even the poor have to live.
They waste all the pay the state gives 'em
on sinning and gambling and drink
At my betting shops, pubs, clubs and brothels,
which is rather a laugh, don't you think?

WAYNE SIDESADDLE

I am a racist of the National Front
And a right good racist too!
I was never very smart
And I couldn't give a fart,
For the blacks – or the Reds like you!
Bad language or abuse I never never use –
Unless it's on the BBC:
'Hey nigger!' I may shout –
If there's only one about,
But I never send him turds or pee.
'What never?'
'No never!'
'What never?'
'Well, *hardly* ever . . .'

TIM HOPKINS

Tony Miles

Chess

No 47 **On Form at Biel**

Chess 'form' is a peculiarly unpredictable thing. One week one can play atrociously and the next well with no apparent explanation. In my case I had six months of awful results, and now suddenly I can do nothing wrong. Following a tentative shared first place in Lanzarote I went on to win the strong IBM tournament in Amsterdam with a point to spare. Immediately afterwards I played in Biel in a slightly weaker event. This time the result was even more conclusive:

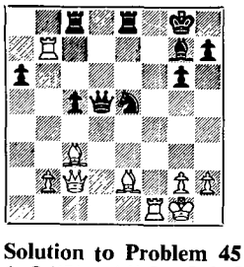
1. Miles (England) 11/15; 2. Andersson (Sweden), Hernandez (Cuba) and Panno (Argentina) 9; 5. Hug (Switzerland), Torre (Philippines), Vukic (Yugoslavia) and Kavalek (USA) 8½; 9. Kagan (Israel) 8; 10. Wirthensohn (Switzerland) 7½; 11. Robatsch (Austria) 7; 12. Partos (Rumania) 6½; 13. Lombard (Switzerland) 5½; 14. Flesh (Hungary) 5; 15. Kestler (W. Germany) 4½; 16. Huss (Switzerland) 4.

My only loss, to Panno, came in the last round with the tournament already decided. I have just one theory for the sudden transformation. After several good results last year I decided to take the chess world by storm, trying to win all my games. In consequence I began to force matters too early and lost my sense of objectivity to some extent. About 20 losses later I concluded that something was wrong and made a conscious decision not to try quite so hard and to take some short draws. Since then my results have not just returned to their previous level but improved. In my last three tournaments I have scored 20 wins, 19 draws and 2 losses. Doubtless there have been other factors involved, but I suspect there is some truth in my theory.

From Biel:

White: A. J. Miles **Black: K. Robatsch**

1. P-Q4, N-KB3; 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3. N-KB3, P-B4, 4. P-Q5, P x P; 5. P x P, P-Q3; 6. N-B3, P-KN3, 7. P-K4, B-N2; 8. B-N5, P-KR3; 9. B-R4, 0-0. Earlier in the tournament Hernandez tried 9. P-KN4 against me, but after 10. B-N3, N-R4; 11. B-N5ch, K-B1 12. P-K5! suffered a nasty fate. **10. N-Q2, P-N3 11. B-K2, B-QR3; 12. 0-0, B x B; 13. Q x B, P-QR3 14. P-QR4, R-K1; 15. P-B4, Q-B2; 16. QR-K1 QN-Q2; 17. K-R1.** Now it is difficult for black to find a move. His QR is tied to the QRP and P-QN4 and P-B5 are impossible. **17. . . .N-R2; 18. B-N3** Removing the sting from . . .P-KN4 which is now met strongly by 19. N-B4. Also if 18. . . .P-B4 19. Q-Q3! Black is almost zugzwang. **18. . . .R-K2 19. Q-Q3, N(R2)-B3; 20. P-K5! N-R4; 21. P-K6 N x Bch; 22. Q x N, N-B1.** Or 22. . . .N-B3; 23 P-B5. **23. P-B5, NP x P; 24. R x P, K-R2; 25 R(1)-KB-1! P x P; 26. P x P, Q-Q1; 27. N-Q5! R x P; 28. R x N! B x R; 29. N-K4! R x N.** Better is 29. . . .K-R1 and then not 30. N(Q5)-B6, B-N2; 31 Q-N6, Q-N1! (. . .B x N? 32. Q x Pch, K-N1; 33 Q-N6ch, K-R1; 34. R-B5!) 32. N-N5, R x N; 33 R x R, P x N; 34. R-B3, Q-Q4, but 30. R-B7! and now 30. . . .Q-K1? 31. R-R7ch! mates, so 30. . . R x N is forced when 31. N-B6 leads to the same ending as the game (31. . . .R-K8ch? 32. Q x R B-N2; 33. Q-K4) but with the BK on R1 which is better for him. White's position remains superior but black has some defensive chances. **30. N-B6ch Q x N; 31. R x Q, R(1)-K1; 32. P-R4, K-R1; 33 R-N6! R(5)-K3; 34. Q-B3ch, K-R2; 35. R x R, R x R 36. Q-Q3ch, K-R1; 37. Q x RP, R-K8ch; 38. K-R2 B-N2; 39. Q x P, B-K4ch; 40. K-R3, P-R4; 41 Q-Q8ch, K-N2; 42. Q-N5ch, K-B1; 43. Q x P R-K6ch; 44. K-N4, R-N6ch; 45. K-B5, R x P; 46 K-K6, K-N2; 47. Q-B7ch, K-R3; 48. P-QR5 Resigns** (48. . . .R x P, 49. P-R6, R-QR7; 50. P-R7, P-B5 51. P-R8=Q! R x Q; 52. K-B5 is a neat finish).



Problem 47

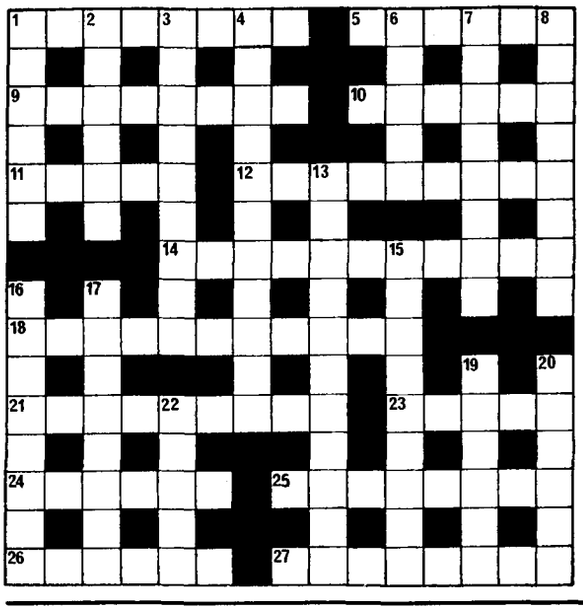
White to play. How should the game go? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN post marked not later than 31 August.

Solution to Problem 45

1. B-N5! and if P x B 2. P-N7 and 3. B-R7ch. Otherwise black must lose a piece because of the threat of 2. P-N7.

Weekend Crossword 1229

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1229, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 30 August.



ACROSS

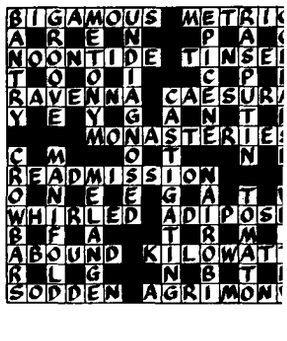
1. Direction to go when fighting in cars (8).
5. Reprimand the darling of the tracks? (6).
9. The military call for final collection (4, 4).
10. Town which has to vibrate unpleasantly with noise (6).
11. Work or works (5).
12. Language in which noun ending operates strangely (9).
14. Here speaks a wandering playwright (11).
18. Not noticing about a game with a ruler (11).
21. One play is translated here (9).
23. Aside from the relative in skill (5).
24. One who does not go straight, being an artist (6).
25. A girl shows what the heart does with food (8).
26. River which makes a river different (6).
27. Yale acts potentially as a means of keeping one in (8).

DOWN

1. Without seed, a female to let (6).
2. A bit of food for the more adventurous (6).
3. Estimate of a friend about the corruption of Paris (9).
4. Hooligans adore speeds when going crazy (11).
6. Robin is for commercial radio apparently (5).
7. Possibly paternal but could be maternal (8).
8. Means of pulling poor West to pieces (8).
13. Foretell about the last word uttered in a difficult situation (11).
15. Where things are stored without time for display (9).
16. Piece of equipment to place inside a new arrival (8).
17. The French wine includes the Spanish where the bottles are kept (8).
19. Town where animal wanders freely (6).
20. Ancient brain-child (6).
22. Woman who loses heart i a French town (5).

SETSQUAR

Solution to No 1227



Prizewinners to No 1227

Mrs M. Bouttell (Preston)

F. W. Kettle (Bromley)

Miss R. M. Bax (London NW

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

Public Voice Communications wants a communicator

Public Voice is a communications consultancy set up last November to service the very special needs of the non-commercial organisation. Its work covers public relations, advertising, fund-raising, public education and every aspect of an organisation's communication programme. Our work is already international in scope and our client list is lengthening by the month.

We now need an *Account Executive* who will work primarily with a national children's charity. Someone versatile enough to cope with every aspect of the considerable work involved, someone who understands charities, someone who can generate ideas and communicate them.

Salary negotiable.

PUBLIC VOICE COMMUNICATIONS

Send career details to:
Peter Burns,
Public Voice Communications Ltd,
10a The Pavement,
Clapham Common, London SW4.
Tel: 01-720 5976.

Experienced

SHORT-HAND TYPIST

Required urgently. Salary at 20: £48.96 per week (plus £4.00 London weighting) and 15 pence luncheon vouchers. Holiday entitlement: 3 weeks plus Christmas week.
Apply to **Miss Berwick, The Union of Construction Allied Trades and Technicians, 177 Abbeville Road, Clapham, SW4. Tel: 01-622 2362.**

REDUNDANCY

IS NEVER A DISASTER IF IT FORCES YOU TO TAKE FRESH STOCK OF YOUR TALENTS.
For the past twenty years we have performed this service for men and women of all ages. **STUDENTS** and **ADULTS** alike. Once you have an objective picture of your various talents and their relative strength you can be matched to the occupation that is right for you. But why wait for redundancy to force your hand? For further information write or telephone:

VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE ASSOCIATION
Upper Harley Street,
LONDON NW1 4RP
01-935 2600/8017

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL,
British Section, seeks 3 full-time members of staff:

MEMBERSHIP/FUNDRAISING OFFICER
TRADES UNION ORGANISER
CAMPAIGN CO-ORDINATOR

Please write for further details to: Amnesty International, British Section, Tower House, 8/14 Southampton Street, London WC2E 7HF.

RESEARCHER/REPORTER
FLUENT FRENCH/GERMAN
£5,000 minimum.

American publisher will be in London early September for preliminary interviews preceding appointment in 1978 of really able person, either sex, based London, European travel. Salary £5,000 plus merit bonus worth up to about £1,500 extra in first year. Must speak and read both languages fluently and be able to operate easily at senior levels. Degree, successful experience in magazine publishing and knowledge of business would be distinct advantages.
Write in confidence and detail with telephone number, not identifying present employer if preferred, to Box 8553.

LORD LONGFORD
Chairman of Sidgwick & Jackson Publishers, requires well educated, experienced

SECRETARY/ASSISTANT

Written applications only, with detailed curriculum vitae, to Lord Longford, 42 Museum St, London WC1A 2SG.

Community Services Department

Welfare Rights Officer

£4,257-£4,527 plus 5% supplement (maximum £208)

Over the last 30 years, the country has established an all-embracing social system generally known as the 'Welfare State'. Yet the poor and disadvantaged still exist. They, and many others in need, are often unaware of, or do not know how to obtain, their statutory rights to welfare benefits and allowances.

Harlow Council decided two years ago to appoint a Welfare Rights Officer to alleviate these problems.

This is a challenging post and will suit a person committed to assisting the disadvantaged in the community. It will include advocacy for claimants and giving advice and information on the whole range of benefits. Some training or experience in law and/or social work would be an advantage but a wholehearted commitment to social justice is vital. The person appointed will have a key role in the expansion of the service and the development of a thorough-going welfare rights strategy.

The post brings housing, help with removals, car allowance, assisted car purchase — and a chance to work in Britain's most progressive new town.

Application forms and job descriptions are available from the Head of Personnel and Management Services, Town Hall, Harlow, Essex. CM20 1HJ (telephone: Harlow 21031, ext 296). The closing date for the return of completed application forms is 8 September 1977

This advertisement appears with the agreement of the New Towns Staff Commission

HARLOW

PRESS OFFICER

NALGO — the National and Local Government Officers Association — Britain's biggest white-collar union with a membership of more than 700,000 in 14 public services needs a Press Officer and a good one.

Not just a 9-5 writer of press releases but an experienced journalist prepared to master the intricacies of the work of a major trade union operating in a wide range of public services and playing its full part in the TUC and the British industrial scene; to communicate the decisions, policies and work of the union to the media and to maintain a well-established liaison service with industrial and specialist journalists.

NALGO's Press Officer is also expected to participate fully in the internal trade union communication work, especially to liaise with an excellent body of branch and district voluntary press and publicity officers.

A job for an enthusiastic and ardent trade unionist prepared to work with a team of experienced journalists in the Union's Publicity Department.

The salary offered is in the range £5,644 to £6,205. Five weeks' holiday, superannuation and good working conditions.

Full job description and application form from: **The General Secretary, NALGO, 1 Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9AJ.**

Closing date for applications — **31 August 1977.**

NATIONAL UNION OF JOURNALISTS

invites applications for the post of

Regional Organiser

to be based in the North of England.

The starting salary will be £4,638 with three annual increments and annual review.

Application forms (to be returned by 19 September) and further details from: **The General Secretary (N O), National Union of Journalists, Acorn House, 314 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 9DP.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KATHOLIEKE UNIVERSITEIT NIJMEGEN

professorship in comparative politics

Nijmegen, the Netherlands.
Professorship in Comparative Politics, Catholic University, Faculty of Social Sciences, Department of Political Science.
Applications are invited for appointment from 1st October 1977, to a full professorship in comparative politics, with special reference to European national political systems.
Requirements for application are a doctoral degree, a number of scholarly publications and teaching experience.
Applicants should possess a firm grasp of contemporary theoretical approaches and research findings in comparative politics, and preferably be interested in considering macro-political phenomena from a social systems perspective.
In addition to teaching and research, the new professor will head the National Political Systems Unit of the Political Science Department.

The appointment will be on a salary scale for professors of $32000 to $48000 a year. In assessing the starting salary, consideration will be given to qualifications and experience.
A detailed application, including a curriculum vitae, a list of publications, a dissertation abstract, and 3 letters of recommandation should be forwarded by airmail not later than 30th Sept. 1977 to Prof.S.L.F.Baron van Wijnbergen, Instituut voor Rechtswetenschappen, Oranjesingel 72, Nijmegen, The Netherlands,Tel.: The Netherlands 80512510.

university of nijmegen holland

Schools Council

Schools Council Publications Section has a vacancy for work with curriculum development projects, printers and publishers. Applicants should have experience of at least two of the following:

Publishing (preferably educational); book production; audio and visual production (especially videotape).

Salary £2,555 (age 25) on scale £2,555 - £3,670 plus £465 London weighting and pay supplements (£313.20 + 5% salary) at all points. Applicants over age 25 may enter the scale at a higher point depending on age and experience.

Further information and application forms may be obtained from Mr D. H. Allen Schools Council, 160 Great Portland [illegible] 6LL. Tel: 01-580 0352 Ext. 351.

Closing date for receipt of [illegible] Friday 9 September 1977.

FINANCE OFFICER

Finance Officer required by large national Trade Union in London. Applicant's previous career must have been such as to show proven experience both of ability to control and organise staff, and of a sound knowledge of accounting. Salary £4,058 per annum plus expenses.

Applications in first instance to Thomson McLintock & Co., Chartered Accountants, 3 Princes Street, Norwich, NR3 1AS.

WAR ON WANT seeks committed and tenacious secretary/administrator. Good secretarial skills and willingness to work in a team. Salary £2,750 approx. Apply details/send c.v. to International Dept, War on Want, 467 Caledonian Rd, London N7.

REQUIRED FOR CONFIDENTIAL WORK, person at graduate level experienced with children, shorthand typist able to code and edit information using a computer and to keep meticulous records. This is an hourly paid temporary job in the first instance with the possibility of a longer term contract. Write, enclosing curriculum vitae and references to Mrs R. Gear, 20 Hanway Place, London W1P 0AJ.

FIELD CENTRE requires residential help, mainly domestic. Suit 18-25 year-old. Write with references and relevant personal information to the Warden. The Leonard Wills Field Centre, Nettlecombe Court, Williton, Taunton TA4 4HT tel: 09844 320

THE BIRS (National Sound Archive) situated South Kensington, requires receptionist to operate small switchboard and do some clerical work. Switchboard experience useful but not essential. Hrs 10-6. Salary on scale £2,341 - £2,593. Tel: 589 6603.

LITERARY AGENT needs enterprising, efficient PA/Secretary. Hardworking, cheerful atmosphere in Mortimer Street, W1. Salary negotiable. Deborah Rogers Ltd. 580 0604.

UNIVERSITY OF RHODESIA

CHAIR OF POLITICAL SCIENCE

Applications are invited for this post from those whose interests are in the fields of Political Science or Public Administration.

Salary: £11,270 x 421 — £13,375 (approx. stg equiv.). Both permanent, pensionable terms and short-term one or two year contracts are offered. PERMANENT PENSIONABLE TERMS: Family passages and allowance towards transport of effects on appointment. Installation loan of up to half of one year's salary if required. Unfurnished University accommodation guaranteed for a period of at least three years for persons recruited from outside Rhodesia. Sabbatical Leave and Biennial contact visits, with travel allowance. Superannuation and Medical Aid Scheme.

SHORT-TERM CONTRACTS: Family passages and allowance towards transport of effects. Assistance with accommodation for persons recruited from outside Rhodesia.

APPLICATIONS: (6 copies) giving full personal particulars, (including full names, place and date of birth, etc.), qualifications, experience and publications and names and addresses of three referees should be submitted by 23 September 1977 to the Registrar, University of Rhodesia, P.O. Box MP 167, Mount Pleasant, Salisbury, Rhodesia from whom further particulars may be obtained. Overseas applicants should send a copy of their applications to the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

British subjects considering applying for posts in Rhodesia are urged to consult the Foreign and Commonwealth Office (telephone 233 4143) or their nearest British Consular Office.

OVAL HOUSE (a creative activity centre) is looking for an Administrator. Write or ring for details: 52/54 Kennington Oval London SE11. 01-735 2786.

MEDICAL SECRETARIES and receptionists urgently required for doctors and hospitals perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 124 Gloucester Road, SW7. 373 7185.

PUBLISHING SECRETARIES (Permanent or Temporary)—it's always the widest choice at Covent Garden Bureau, 53 Fleet Street EC4. 353 7696.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp Fenwick's). 493 3005

Appts Wanted

MALE ECONOMICS GRADUATE (23), experienced teacher, requires worthwhile work. Money unimportant. Box 8489.

COOKING EXPERIENCE WANTED. Serious, talented, 20 yr old f. wishes to earn while learning top-class cuisine. Small, ambitious restaurant-kitchen preferred. Initial drudgery fully accepted. Box 8583.

Accom. Vacant

SUIT VISITING ACADEMIC: mod. furn flat overlooking Hampstead Heath, easy access central London, 3 rooms, k. & b. c.h., available 15 Sept. '77-1 June '78. £70 weekly. Box 8514.

LARGE ROOM, well-furnished, c.h., to let for middle-aged person wanting good food and friendly home. 3 mins walk Finchley Central Tube & buses. Tel: 01-346 7262

Accom. Wanted

POST-GRAD F. seeks own room in house or flat within easy access to Goldsmiths College. Phone 0983 65871 eves/wk-ends

GRADUATE, 20s, on staff of British Museum needs s/c. flat or to share, but own room essential. Could give refs. Box 8547.

GAY COUPLE m. Solicitor and Psychotherapist seek unfurnished flat preferably with garden. Year let minimum. Tel. 01-352 1767 or 01-222 0701 (daytime).

EDUC. PSYCHOLOGIST 25, on UCL course reqs largish room (wife occas. visits) in house/flat,NW3, NW5 area from end Sept July '78. To £20 p.w. 794 7908.

VISITING CANADIAN PROFESSOR needs s/c. bach. or 1 bdrm furn. flat, west central London, 8 Jan-5 Mar. 1978. Reply airmail R. P. O'Kell, Disraeli Project, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario, Canada. K7 3N6

VISITING ACADEMICS. Landlords: we urgently require flats & houses within easy reach of the British Museum & the University. Helen Watson & Co. 637 4063.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Bookworms

Our 'AUTUMN BOOKS NUMBER' of 23 September will contain a special

'BOOKS WANTED'

column. Any books or publications wanted can be advertised for just 50p a line. (Average 6 words a line, Box Numbers 50p extra). Please enclose remittance with order and send now to:

'Books Wanted', New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1 or Tel: Robin Cooper 01-242 5486.

Publications

RUSSIA, EASTERN EUROPE, WORLD Affairs. Books bought and sold. A. C. Hall, 30 Staines Road, Twickenham, Middx.

REVIEW COPIES. We are large buyers of review copies and of collections of books in fine condition on all subjects, including quality paper-backs. R. A. Boon, Booksellers, 348 Upper St, N1. 01-359 1196. Open daily incl. Sat. 9.30 a.m.-5.30 p.m.

REVIEW BOOKS and others in fine condition bought. D. Levin, Bookseller, 13 Grape Street, London WC2. 01-240 2376.

SECONDHAND Fiction and Biography, also new books at reduced prices, all at World of Books, 30 Sackville Street, London W1.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT. Hammersmith Books, Barnes High St.01-876 7254, London SW13.

BOOKS—JAZZ,
NEW & SECOND-HAND
PLUS ALL THE MAGAZINES
(large stock quality used books all subjects)
Visit: The Bloomsbury Book Shop
31/5 Gt Ormond St,
London WC1
(Tel. 242 6780)
Open Mon.-Fri. 10-3 p.m.
(off Southampton Row)
tube Russell Square.

Holidays/ Travel

STUDENTS! AMERICA from £119.85 return. Flights from Dublin. Contact USIT, 189 Wardour St, W1. 01-437 1474. ATOL 822C.

TRAVELLING? STUDENT & YOUTH fares. Spectacular, World Wide. Phone Hosts S.T.S. 01-580 7733.

OVERLAND TO INDIA via Middle East & Holy Lands. Modern coaches, regular departures, Capricorn Tours, 21 Ebury Bridge Road, London SW1. 01-730 0657.

PAINTING HOLIDAYS IN DORSET. Weeks or weekends. The Old School House, East Stour (Tel. 587), Gillingham, Dorset.

WELSH HILLS. Superb sit. all comforts. D. b. & b. £30 ea. p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw LL27 0QA. Llanrwst 640566.

TUSCANY. Univ. couple motoring own cottage Sept. or Oct. seek companion(s). Exps. shared. Tiny rent long winter let. Dordogne also. Tel. 01-794 5385.

ITALY. Farmhouse to let Oct. 6 mths. £10 p.w. mod. cons, tranquil. 0606 891113.

MAGIC BUS. Amsterdam £10, Paris £10.50, Athens £26, Barcelona £27, Copenhagen £28, Lisbon £35.50, Morocco £47. 74 Shaftesbury Ave, W1. 439 0729, 439 0557.

ATHENS from £25. Geneva, Italy, Yugoslavia, Istanbul, Israel. Coach/Boat. 01-458 6078.

WE DON'T JUST 'DO' AFRICA we explore it properly: and as a change from trans-Africa, 'We Are Going West.' Send for a brochure and read about crossing the Sahara; visiting Benin, Upper Volta, Togo, Ghana, Mali, Ivory Coast on our eighteen week safari. October departure. Cost £659. Adventure Africa, 34b High St, Ramsbury, Wiltshire. Tel.: Ramsbury (06722) 569.

SCHEDULED ECONOMY FLIGHTS to Australia, New Zealand, Far East, India, Africa, Tel-Aviv, Tokyo, America, and Europe. Contact WTS, 3 Winnett Street, London W1.

BEST VALUE FARES, regular, reliable departures, World-wide & European destinations. MAS, Empire Hse, 119 Regent St, London W1. 439 8511 (answerphone) 2/3.

EXPRESS TRAVEL, Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain. 01-734 6661/2.

FLY NOW! Better value than ever to Australia, Far & Middle East, Africa, USA & European destinations. Selvi Holidays, 313a Hoe St, E17. 01-520 7911/521 6623.

WORLD WIDE ECONOMY FLIGHTS. Australia, New Zealand, USA, Canada, Far East, Europe, Tel Aviv & South Africa. Haymarket Travel Ltd, 31 Haymarket, SW1. 839 6958.

Schools

THE NEW SCHOOL, King's Langley, based on the educational principles of Rudolf Steiner. This method of education aims at unfolding individual faculties and the development of truly social impulses. Co-educational Boarding and Day School, 5-18 years. GCE at 'O' and 'A' levels. Prospectus on application. King's Langley 62505.

ST CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, Letchworth. Co-education 5-18 years in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom. High standards of creative work and achievement, leading to Universities and satisfying careers. N. King Harris MA.

WYCHWOOD GIRLS SCHOOL, Oxford. 11 to University age, exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principal, Mrs J. E. Schuller MA.

Financial

LOANS FROM £30. Salaried Persons Postal Loans Ltd. 175 Regent St, W1. 734 3519.

MORTGAGES, RE-MORTGAGES & LOANS Jacques, Norman & Co. Ltd., 398 Rayners Lane, Pinner, Middlesex. 01-868 2355. Federated Insurance Brokers

MAXIMUM MORTGAGES AVAILABLE. Planners ahead advised. Remortgages. Secured and unsecured loans. Tel. 01-346 4653 or write Martin Hasseck Ltd, Freepost, London NW4 1YB.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES
£50 to £25,000 unsecured
REGIONAL TRUST LTD
8 Clifford St, New Bond St,
LONDON W1
01-734 5983 or 2914

Secretarial

GROUP of postgraduates will arrange to have your editing, proof-reading, indexing, typing etc. done expertly. Phone 727 5289.

QUALITY typing, English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts. 452 6817.

IBM TYPEWRITING, DUPLICATING and Xeroxing, also transcribing from Grundig tapes & Philips 86 cassettes. Scotts, 80 Queensway, London W2. 01-727 5828.

Removals

TAXIMOVES FOR 1 & 2 TON VANS, all with helpful working drivers. 722 7661.

GENTLE GHOST
REMOVALS
COOPERATIVE
Fast, cheap & reliable
All sizes
603 2865/602 3719
33 Norland Rd, London W11.

Personal

REPETITEUR with London Opera Company requires furnished accom. where some piano playing will be sympathetically accepted. References available. Please state facilities and terms to Box 3890.

MAN, 45, no ties, badly needs job. Gladly consider absolutely anything, anywhere. Suggestions, offers please? Thanks. Box 8573.

GOLD MOUNTED VIOLA BOW by Hill-maker (1975) for sale. 01-540 9586.

GOLDEN HANDSHAKES: writer seeks details, joys, sorrows of those who have received a Golden Handshake. Box 8529.

THE RED FLAG: illustrated poster (24 x 18) of socialism's song (five verses) £1 from Glossoprint (NS), 62 Spire Hollin, Glossop, Derbyshire.

SALARIED WOMEN'S POSTAL LOANS Ltd. Loans from £30. 175 Regent St, W1. 01-734 1974.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS. PSYCHOLOGIST. Formerly of Princes Gate. Now at Richmond. Phone 940 4416.

PSYCHOLOGIST/Hypnotherapist P. J. Millin of Harley Street. Develop confidence/overcome tension; etc. Appts. Tel. 01-800 4045.

PSYCHO-ANALYTIC psychotherapy, Adult/adolescent/child/couples £7.50; Group £5.50. Drs Croxson & Kane. 789 5895.

BODYMIND METHODS Primal, Bioenergetic, Gestalt, Meditation, Reciport (reciprocal non-professional support) can be integrated. To find out how, inquire Reciport, 10 Steeles Mews South, NW3.

CREATIVE ENCOUNTER GROUP for unattached people (25/45 age group). No fees. Write to BM/Exchange, London WC1.

INTELL. FEMALE (36) frugal means, seeks companion (m. or f.) for motor tour of UK in Sept. Varied interests. Returning from Australia to settle in London. Box 8565.

ATTRACTIVE WIDOW, 45, youthful, slim, professional, (non-orth. Jewish) ints, inc. theatre, music, conversation etc. seeks unattached prof. or business man as 'guide, philosopher and friend' view eventual marriage. London. Box 8525.

JOAN REMICK MARRIAGE AND FRIENDSHIP BUREAU

155 Knightsbridge, London SW1
01-589 7567 01-584 5151.

ATTENTION!

We have equal numbers of men and women, but as this journal has more male readers, we highlight four intelligent ladies.

IQ plus, plus, plus. She's early 30's, a Ph.D, an attractive well travelled lass with a gentle ladylike manner — a most melodious voice. She's happy doing simple things. N. London. Ref. 8335.

An ex-fashion model with left wing tendencies — what next? She's a cultured, stylish, Latin blooded, well travelled lady, 35 with a cosmopolitan outlook. London. Ref. 8428.

Professional dancer/actress, 45 plus a year or two — full of energy and enthusiasm for low brow and high brow pursuits. Likes almost anything but modern music and housework. N. London. Ref. 8446.

A petite lady. 40, with definite presence, a high powered career, lots of interests, most flirtatious eyes, great depth and warmth. Herts. Ref. 8225.

ATTRACTIVE 32-yr old female, divorced, seeks male 30-40 who enjoys walking, talking, wining&dining. N. England. Box 8541.

SINCERE SOCIALIST, sgle fella, 33, easy-going, presentable, sks f. friend. Box 8491.

PLEASANT INDIAN GENTLEMAN, 30s, separated, seeks friendship mature lady, any nationality, London. Box 8488.

BELFAST & HINTERLAND. Surely there's an amiable young woman more inclined to eat, drink & be merry than discuss 'troubles'. Arts oriented male. Box 8497.

SUN-WORSHIPPING, mature m., wide ints, living beautiful Torbay, sks congenial lady to relieve occasional monotony. Box 8470.

LONDON LITERARY F. seeks literary m., 60-65, pref. art oriented. Interest: travel, languages, poetry, cooking, country-life, social issues. Initially friendship. Box 8546.

WIDOW, mid 50s, young outlook, wishes to meet sincere, refined gentleman, friendship/marriage. NE Lancs. Box 8567.

GENTLEMAN, 56, tall, good looking, healthy, neat, non-alcoholic, non smoker, *honest, highly reliable, no ties, own house,* car, independent, seeks corresponding lady, up to 50. Box 8564.

MAN, tall, active, univ. & public school, seeks woman 30s, to share intellectual, aesthetic & physical interests. South of England. Box 8578.

YOUNG ASIAN male, seeks homely, female 20-30, for company. London. Box 8584.

UNATTACHED 25-40s. Regular weekly Sunday Club 8-11.30 p.m. at Sideline, 85 Parkway, Regent's Park, NW1 (Camden Town tube). Bar. Adm. £1.90. Free Buffet & Disco. Make it your regular Sunday meet.

NEXUS is an Information/Social/Communication Service (with all the implications) for unattached people (18-81) who want to meet and be met with. Phone 01-359 7656/6703 including Sundays.

GENTLEMEN! If you genuinely wish to find an educated, attractive partner for Marriage/Companionship, please write 'Status', 88 Marylebone High St, W1 (286 2128.)

LONELY? Find intelligent friends thro' Clover Leaf Companions for F'ship/Marriage. 214X High St. Guildford. 0483 71524.

N.W. LONDON READERS

ARE YOU SATISFIED WITH YOUR T.V. RENTAL SERVICE?

DRAZIN LTD offer a high standard of service with a wide choice of models. We have been established in Hampstead since 1927. Telephone 435 7441 or call at our showrooms at

59 HEATH ST, NW3

(opposite Hampstead Tube Station)

N.W. London readers only, please

PRESTIGE PARTNERS
NS 34, Baker Street, London W.1.
EXCLUSIVE INTRODUCTION SERVICE.
FOR PROFESSIONAL & ACADEMIC LONERS
REPRESENTED THROUGHOUT U.K.
Write for free details or phone
01-487 5797

FRIENDS all over the world would like to correspond with you (friendship, languages, etc.) Free brochure on request. Write to Amis du Courrier, 32 Av. Chateau, B4880 Spa, Belgium.

ENJOY LIFE WITH THE RIGHT PARTNER. Haven't got one? Contact Hedi Fisher Marriage/Friendship Consultancy. Details with s.a.e. (NS) 14 Beauchamp Place, SW3. 589 2384. We have Someone for Everyone.

UNUSUAL PEN FRIENDS excitingly different, highly personal dept. & married couples dept. Monthly journal. Free brochure, S.a.e. (SNX) Bureau des Amies, PO Box 54, Rugby, Warks.

FRIENDSHIP/MARRIAGE. Details Northside Introductions, P.O. Box 22 Inverness.

FIND FRIENDSHIP, LOVE or marriage. All ages, areas — free details from: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept NT, 23 Abingdon Road, London W8. Tel. 01-937 6503.

FRIENDS EVERYWHERE: Write to Multilingua. D-1000 Berlin 15, Box 150 405 N.

Personal Services

FREE DUREX CONTRACEPTIVES

48 Gossamer, Super G	£3.40
36 Nuform, Fetherlite	£3.20
24 Unison, Naturform	£2.60
8 French Ticklers	£2.50
16 German Long Love	£2.20
10 U.S.A. Stimula, Tahiti	£1.50
10 Swedish Feel, Fun	£2.30
Selection Box (30)	£2.75

Warwick Supplies (NES), Coleshill Birmingham B46 1RL.
Return Ad. with order for **FREE SAMPLES** worth 85p.

DUREX by POST

24 Gossamer/New Eros	£1.40
15 Nuform/F'lite/Bk. Shad.	£1.00
12 Stimula or Unison	£1.35
6 French Shaped	£1.85
23 International Asstd.	£2.20

Request 4 Super Samples with orders £3 min.
Marital Aids Brochure 20p.
SUMMIT DISTRIBUTIONS LTD, Tamworth (N12), Staffs, B79 7SP
Please add 15p p. & p. to total.

BRITISH PREGNANCY ADVISORY SERVICE
(Charitable Trust)
for PREGNANCY TESTING and advice on: ABORTION, STERILISATION and VASECTOMY

Main Branches (approved by DHSS)	
Birmingham	021-643 1461
Bournemouth	02016 77720
Brighton	0273 509726
Chester	0244 27113
Leeds	0532 443861
Liverpool	051-227 3721
London	01-222 0985
Manchester	061-236 7777
Also at:	
Cardiff	0222 372389
Glasgow	041-204 1832
Sheffield	0742 738326

Operations arranged in our own non-profit making nursing homes.

VASECTOMY AND LAPAROSCOPIC STERILISATION OPERATIONS ARRANGED
Contact: **PAM TRUST**
66 OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1
01-580 4848

Pregnancy Control Centre
REGISTERED NON-PROFIT ASSOCIATION
Free Consultation available immediately for
Unwanted Pregnancy
Contraception
Laparoscopic Sterilisation and Vasectomy
(APPROVED BY DEPT. OF HEALTH)
01-439 3929 01-437 3987
SUITE 6
119 OXFORD ST. W.1.
(Opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW STATESMAN

Vol. 94 No. 2422

Contents

221 **Patrick Wintour:** The Background to Lewisham

230 **Fred Inglis:** Sex and Socialism

232 **Robert Silver:** Pay and the Police

233 **Roger Woddis:** Ignorance is Strength

234 **Robin Cook:** When the Nuclear Arrow Breaks

235 **Mick Terdre:** The Shadow that Falls on Brazil

236 **Martin Staniland:** Breaking the US Airlines' Cartel

238 **Naomi Mitchison:** Skills and Changes

239 **Donald Gould:** Put Away

240 **A. J. P. Taylor:** London Diary

241 **Mervyn Jones:** Crown Territory

242 **Arthur Marshall:** Minor Adjustments

243 **Letters to the Editor**

Books & Arts

245 **Clive James:** Gore Vidal

250 **Lorna Sage:** Ronald Firbank

Other reviews by Alan Ryan, Mervyn Jones, Paul Johnson, John Sutherland, K. Natwar-Singh, Tom Paulin

252 **John Coleman:** Films

252 **Eric Korn:** Radio

253 **Peter Conrad:** Theatre

254 **Eric Sams:** Opera

254 **Ian Hamilton:** Television

255 **Russell Davies:** Elvis Presley

255 **Weekend Competition**

256 **Chess and Crossword**

Poems by Craig Raine, Geoffrey Grigson, and Tom Paulin

Exhibition

GANYMED GALLERY, 11 Gt Turnstile, WC1. 405 9836. Original prints by Moore, Boyd, Lowry, 18 & 19c prints by Daumier, Gavarni, Manet, Toulouse Lautrec.

Find out about BUDDHISM

You are invited to our open meeting & discussion held every Sunday 4 p.m. at

The Meeting House
120 Heath Street
Hampstead NW3.

or for a copy of our new prospectus return this coupon to: BBA, 8, Hatton Garden, EC1.

Please send prospectus without commitment to:

Name .....

Address .....

.....

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

70p per line (average 6 words; minimum 2 lines) Box No 50p
Trade in Personal £1.00 Display, centimetre £4.00
Send copy to arrive Tuesday a.m. or telephone 01-405 8471
NEW STATESMAN, GREAT TURNSTILE, LONDON WC1V 7HJ

Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Royal Shakespeare Company) 836 6404. Recorded booking info: 836 5332. Ibsen's 'Pillars of The Community', 'The Comedy of Errors', 'Romeo and Juliet', 'Much Ado About Nothing'. See daily press for dates and times. RSC also at The Warehouse at Donmar Theatre. Week of 22 August: C. P. Taylor's 'Bandits', Howard Barker's 'That Good Between Us' (both not suitable for children), Brecht's 'Schweyk' and Bond's 'Bingo'. And at Piccadilly Theatre in 'Wild Oats' and Savoy Theatre in 'Man and Superman'.

ALMOST FREE THEATRE, 485 6224. Henry Woolf in Heathcote Williams 'Hancock's Last Half Hour', 'Marvellous' . . . Times. Thurs., Fri. & Sat. only at 8 & 10.30 p.m. Show runs for approx. 1 hour. Plus 'Happy and Glorious' 1.15 p.m. Mon.-Sat.

CHICHESTER. 0243 86333. 22, 25 Aug. at 7.0, 27 Aug. at 2.0 'Julius Caesar'. 23, 24, 26, 27 at 7.0, 25 Aug. at 2.0 'The Apple Cart'.

HAMPSTEAD THEATRE. 722 9301. Mike Leigh's 'Abigail's Party'. 'Hilarious' Financial Times. Eves 8. Sats 5 & 8.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252 'Julius Caesar', 'Tales from the Vienna Woods', 'Volpone', 'Bedroom Farce', 'Don Giovanni', 'Sir is Winning' and 'Old Movies'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Eves 8. Sats 5 & 8.30 'Once a Catholic'—a comedy by Mary O'Malley.

THEATRE ROYAL, WINDSOR. 95 61107. From Tues. 'See How They Run' the classic farce by Philip King.

DUKE OF YORKS
Eve 8. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Wed. 3.
'HEDDA GABLER'
'Janet's Hedda is the winner', D. Mail.
IAN BANNEN
'A production of rare, raw energy' D. Tel.
'JANET SUZMAN . . . a superb emotional artist' F. Times.
Limited Jubilee Season.
Tel: 01-836 5122

ARTS THEATRE. 836 3334
'Worth queuing for from breakfast time' Financial Times.
TOM STOPPARD'S DIRTY LINEN
Mon. - Thurs. at 8.30. Fri. & Sat. 7.00 & 9.15.

Meetings

'ARE TRADE UNIONISTS becoming an Elite?', discussion evening. London Young Humanists, 13 Prince of Wales Terr., W8. Sun. 21 Aug. 7.30 p.m. 30p.

CENTRAL LONDON FABIAN SOCIETY. Speaker from Campaign for Labour Party Democracy on 'Democracy in the Labour Party'. 24 August 7.30 p.m. 62 Marchmont St. WC1. All welcome. Collection.

BUDDHIST SOCIETY, 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 20 Aug. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 23 Aug. 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

THEOSOPHY – Scientific religion and religious science. S.a.e. for pamphlets & book list. Meetings start September. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

CLOSE THE NUCLEAR BASES

Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament—Peace Cruise and Demonstration. Holy Loch, Scotland; Sat. 10 Sept. 1977. Cruise to demonstration from Glasgow on paddle steamer 'Waverley.' Transport to Glasgow from most parts of Britain, including trains from London (fare £15 inclusive of steamer trip). For details, and other information about CND, contact: **CND, 29 Great James Street, London WC1N 3EY. Tel: 01-242 0362.**

Courses

DEGREE, GCE and professional courses by post with qualified tutors and personal timetable from Wolsey Hall, the Oxford Correspondence College. Accredited CACC. Member ABCC. Free prospectus from W. Milligan MA, Dept BG2, Wolsey Hall, Oxford OX2 6PR or tel 0865-54231 (24 hrs.).

FLUTE, PIANO, THEORY, EAR TRAINING by Royal Academy graduate. From Handel to Hendrix. Tel. 723 9934.

GERMAN LESSONS given individually by British subject of German origin. Academically trained in Germany. Reasonable fees Mr P. J. Eames, 01-435 8523, aft. 7 p.m.

Philip Jenkinson Film Weekend School
'THE THRILLER'
4 Features; Clip Sessions; Discussion; Meals & Wine; Single rooms.
Girton College, Cambridge
16-18 Sept. Incl.
£29 + VAT
Details & booking forms:
The Studio,
1b Ellington St,
London N7 8PP
01-607 4223

pcl
The Polytechnic of Central London

School of Social Sciences and Business Studies

Diploma in Labour Studies and Industrial Relations

A two-year part-time course, two evenings per week, for active trade unionists. The first year will be concerned with the development of trade unions and their place in the present economic, political and social structure. In the second year, a number of courses will be offered including health and safety at work, the law of industrial relations, industrial democracy, financial aspects of firms, trade unions and the media, the European Labour movement. No formal entrance qualifications are required.

For full details and application form apply to: **The Registry, School of Social Sciences and Business Studies, P C L, 32-38 Wells Street, London W1. Tel: 01-486 5811. Ext. 6448 or 6467.**

ILKLEY COLLEGE

Applications are invited from candidates wishing to start in September 1977 on the following courses, validated by the University of Bradford.

BSc. COMMUNITY STUDIES

Including Professional Training

BACHELOR OF EDUCATION

Including Professional Training in Community Education

For these degree courses (3 Yrs Ordinary and 4 Yrs Honours) the normal entry requirement is the possession of five GCE passes, two of which must be at 'A' level.

CERTIFICATE IN YOUTH AND COMMUNITY WORK

2 Year Course. Candidates must be 21 and have had experience in youth work or associated fields. The normal entry requirement is the possession of passes in five subjects at GCE 'O' level.

For all these courses special consideration may be given to mature candidates not in possession of normal entry requirements.

For further details and/or advisory interview, write to The Registrar, Ilkley College, (N) Wells Road, Ilkley, West Yorks, LS29 9RD.

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed in England by Eden Fisher (Southend) Ltd. Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd. at Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED